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OF

NORTHERN MAINE and NEW BRUNSWICK.

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Two trains daily will be put on, connecting at Milo Station on the B. & P. R. R. for Milo, Brownville, and the Iron Works, with the regular morning and afternoon trains on the E. & N. A. R. from Bangor.

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This well-known resort of the sportsman, tourist, and invalid has during the past season been greatly enlarged and improved, and will be under the management of Henry E. Capen, formerly of the Mt. Kineo House, Moosehead Lake.

The wonderful recuperative qualities of the water of the

KATAHDIN MINERAL SPRINGS,

the purity of the air, and the beautiful variety of forest, lake, and mountain scenery, combined with the interesting operations of the Katahdin Iron Company, make this a desirable resort. Best of boating, fishing, hunting and camping facilities.

For information address

H. E. CAPEN, MANAGER,
Katahdin Iron Works, Maine.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE author respectfully calls the attention of his readers to the various advertisements which make a part of this volume. As far as he is aware, the statements in them are authentic and reliable ; and containing, as they do, a great deal of important information, which from its ephemeral character could not well be incorporated in the text, they are appended as indispensable helps to the traveller and tourist.



MT. KINEO FROM KINEO COVE.

HUBBARD'S GUIDE
TO
MOOSEHEAD LAKE
AND
NORTHERN MAINE.

BEING THE THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED,
OF

"Summer Vacations at Moosehead Lake and Vicinity,"

DESCRIBING ROUTES FOR THE CANOE-MAN OVER THE PRINCIPAL WATERS OF NORTHERN MAINE, WITH HINTS TO CAMPERS AND ESTIMATES OF EXPENSE FOR TOURS.

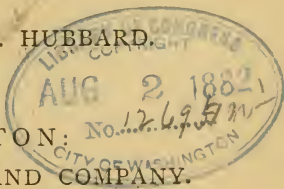
ILLUSTRATED

WITH VIEWS OF MAINE SCENERY, AND ACCOMPANIED BY NEW AND LARGE MAPS OF THE HEADWATERS OF THE PENOBSCOT, KENNEBEC, AROOSTOOK, AND ST. JOHN RIVERS.

By LUCIUS L. HUBBARD.

BOSTON: No. 12. 6. 9. 5. 11.
A. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY.

1882.



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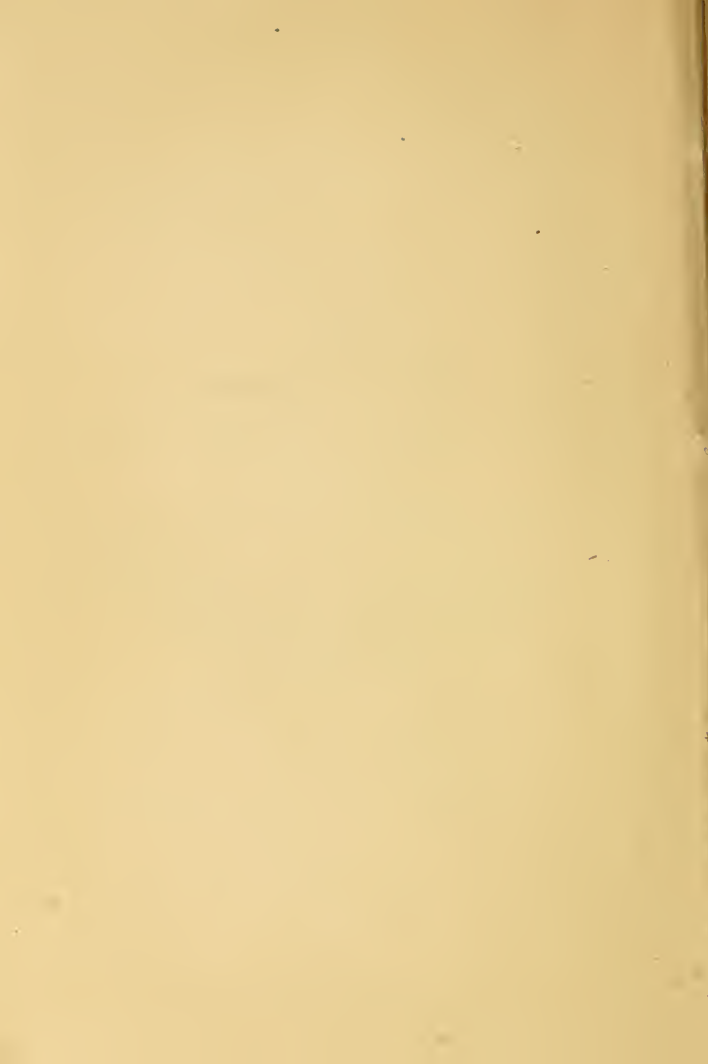
TO THE

Friends and Companions

WHO HAVE SHARED WITH HIM THE PLEASURES OF CAMPING OUT
IN THE WOODS OF MAINE,

THE AUTHOR

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATES THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
IN THE EARNEST HOPE THAT, EVEN IF IT SHOULD CONTAIN
NOTHING NEW TO THEM, IT WILL AT LEAST SERVE
TO RECALL BRIGHT MEMORIES OF DAYS
THAT ARE PAST.



INTRODUCTION.

To the care-worn business man and overworked student, no relaxation from the constant wear of their respective callings is so grateful as that which comes while camping in the woods. "The accompaniments of life are removed, and selfishness, ambition, and care have here no place ; a man is most truly thrown upon his own resources. To be alone with nature, without book, without work, without care, without the slightest hindrance to wandering at your own sweet will, with a heart which beats 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home,' and to be for this purpose in the very heart of the Moosehead forests, is more than all the trout-fishing, and almost the rival of the matchless views which meet the eye."* In the wild woods life is regenerated, and even after two weeks of camping out and canoeing one issues forth with renewed strength for the work of the coming year. Rest and recreation are an absolute necessity. A celebrated jurist of this country, no longer living, used to say he could do a year's work in ten months, but not in twelve.

* Rev. Julius H. Ward, in Harper's Magazine, August, 1875.

It then becomes a practical question, how deep into the forests must one penetrate with his birch-canoe to find this seclusion and relaxation, and what are the means of attaining them?

The advantage to canoe-men of having some definite and tangible information concerning the different lakes and water-courses over which their routes may take them, is too well known by those persons who have camped out in the woods of Maine to need proof. It often happens that the tourist comes to a part of a stream where the difficulty of further progress seems insurmountable. After successful efforts made to overcome the obstacles which first appeared, others take their place, and the chain seems unending. The luckless canoe-man in ignorance turns back disappointed, and seeks an easier route elsewhere, when, if he had but known it, smooth water and a picturesque and attractive course lay before him, within easy reach.

With a knowledge of this need, gained by experience, the writer has prepared the following pages for the benefit of *habitués* of Moosehead Lake, and of others who may have in view a visit to some of the wilder localities in its vicinity. The brevity necessarily required in a pocket guide-book has caused him to set forth facts without any attempt at embellishment, — plain, statistical facts, whose only function is to be useful. The book, aside from its illustrations, is not meant to be entertaining, and they who seek in its pages any elaborate or detailed descriptions of scenery will be disappointed.

That part of the work devoted to camping is also merely an epitome. Many topics touched upon had to be passed over briefly, and left perhaps incomplete, while others of scarcely less importance had to be omitted altogether. The information and advice actually given is, moreover, very much condensed, and, such as it is, the writer offers it to beginners in the art of camping, as a stepping-stone to a more extended knowledge, which can best be obtained by experience.

He who goes into the woods to camp for the first time will be at a loss to understand many of the phrases in vogue among older campers and guides, some few of which, on account of their brevity, have been used in the following pages. The word "pitch" refers either to the resinous mixture used on canoes, to a small water-fall, or to the height of a stream. After a hard rain one may say, "There is a good pitch of water." "Rips" is a word used of a stretch of water, which is not long enough nor rough enough to be called "rapids." To "drop" a canoe over a "pitch" is to let it float over it, the canoe-man guiding it from the shore with a setting-pole, and with the "painter," or leading-rope.

A "landing" is a term used by lumbermen to denote a place cleared of bushes and trees on the bank of a stream or pond, to which the logs cut in winter are hauled, in anticipation of the spring floods.

"Logon," probably a derivative of "lagoon," means a very shallow arm of a stream or pond, where lilies and grass grow profusely.

The term "navigation" as used in the following pages refers to canoes, and readers will also note the difference between the right and left *banks* of a stream, and the same terms without the word "bank."

In presenting to the public this, the third edition of "Summer Vacations at Moosehead Lake and Vicinity," the author has thought best to modify the title in order that it might express, without danger of ambiguity, the exact character of the work, — that of a guide-book. The text has been thoroughly revised, and mistakes corrected which unavoidably crept into the first edition ; while some sixty pages of new matter have been added, covering the St. John, Aroostook, and East Branch of the Penobscot Rivers, Katahdin Iron Works and adjacent mountains, Monson, and Ship Pond. A new supplemental map of the St. John and Aroostook River region accompanies the book, together with a railroad map of New England and the Maritime Provinces.

The author hopes that in view of the foregoing improvements his book may meet with the same kind reception accorded previous editions, and that his labor may not have been in vain. He again acknowledges his grateful appreciation to Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., for the use of his Hygienic Notes, to Mr. F. R. Barrett for notes on the East Branch of the Penobscot, and to many other obliging persons for timely and important information and assistance.

CAMBRIDGE, June 10, 1882.

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SUMMER VACATIONS

AT

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

PART FIRST.

HOW TO CAMP OUT.

TIME OF YEAR.

ALL seasons have their respective advantages for the hunter or trapper, whether sportsman or not, according to the object he has in view. Each has its own disadvantages as well, but for general purposes of camping-out September and October offer the most attractions and have the fewest drawbacks. Black-flies and mosquitoes have then ceased their torments, the weather is apt to be settled and pleasant, the nights cool, and game is in its prime, and likely to be found everywhere.

The best fishing is undoubtedly to be had — at least in places of most frequent resort — in early spring, just after the ice breaks up in the lakes and streams. The larger game frequents the feeding-grounds on the banks of streams, and shores of ponds, and comes down to the water at night, in the hot weather of midsummer. But these are the halcyon days of the black-fly and mosquito,

the one a constant attendant by day, and the other by night, both combining to make life miserable for the reckless sportsman. Besides, the days are sweltering and the nights oppressive.

Midwinter is not without its attraction, — principally that of novelty for him who ventures into the woods too far north. He is soon disabused of the fascination which drew him thither, and learns that it is much more comfortable to put up at some hotel or cabin at the outskirts of civilization, and to make hunting excursions on snow-shoes from these, and to fish through the ice under cover of a warm little fish-house, than to camp under a shelter tent with the snow four feet deep around him, and the mercury at twenty-five below zero.

NUMBER IN A PARTY.

The number of persons of which a party should consist will depend more or less on the characteristics of the individuals and the object in view. Travelling — especially in the woods — is apt to show up the least amiable side of one's disposition, and the larger the party, the more difficult will it be to have united counsels and action. If you are bent on having a jolly time, and are not particular about getting game and fish, nor where you go, you can well join a large party; but when you go mainly for the enjoyments of hunting and fishing such as can only be had in the wild woods, go with one friend, — a tried friend, on whose good sense and unselfishness you can rely. The next best way, and you may prefer it, is to go alone, with a trusty and competent guide. Two men, each with a canoe and

guide, is an advantageous combination, for the pairs can separate for a time, if advisable, and occupy different grounds near together. For a short trip two men and one guide can go in one canoe, but for a trip of two weeks or more a canoe will only hold two men and luggage, and will have an ample load at that.

A CAMPER'S OUTFIT, — WHERE AND HOW TO GET IT.

As Mr. Gould has happily suggested in his interesting book, "How to Camp Out," you should begin to make preparations for your trip two or three months before you intend to start. To make small purchases of useful articles to be taken with you, and to dwell in anticipation on what is before you, affords almost as much pleasure as the later enjoyment of the woods. There is great satisfaction in picturing to yourself what part this and that article will play in your adventures, or in what sort of a place, whether lake or brook, mountain or meadow, it will first be called into requisition. Then, too, if you put off all preparation until the last moment, you may forget some of the most important parts of your outfit, — a *sine qua non*, — and the thought of what "might have been" will be quite aggravating. Collect your outfit, piece by piece ; appropriate a closet or a trunk to its exclusive use, and put the parts of your collection into it, day by day, keeping a list from which to check off each item as soon as obtained. Every time an article suggests itself to you as one that is likely to be indispensable, get it. Only be careful to make your load as light as possible. Remember

that what one may consider a necessity at home may be regarded as a luxury in the woods, and that to carry one pound of extra weight fifty miles is equivalent to carrying fifty pounds one mile.

Get everything you need, in the way of personal luggage, at home. You seldom have time or inclination to stop over, by the way, and are not at all sure to find what you want at the last village on the verge of the forest. By "personal luggage" the writer means everything exclusive of food, and of the camp "kit," a term explained below.

It is very convenient, if you mean to use canned goods in the woods, to have them packed at home, in a box with rope handles on each end of it, and to take them with you as luggage.

CAMP "KIT."

Parties who go into camp with guides do not usually have to provide what is termed the "kit." This includes, besides canoe and tent, axes, cooking utensils, and the like, — articles which nearly all guides own in quantities sufficient for parties of two or three.

For persons who may be about to go into camp without guides, the following list of articles will be found useful, if not indispensable : —

Party of Two.	Party of Four.
Axe, one ; $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	two.
Baker, small	medium.
Breadpan ; 2 qts.	3 qts.
Butter-box, wooden	
Can-opener	
Coffee-pot ; 1 qt.	2 qts.

Forks, three	five.
Firkins, or bags, for provisions	
Frying-pans, two, medium	two, large.
Kettle, iron; 2 qts.	3 qts.
Knives, three	five.
Molasses-can; 1 gal.	
Mop for dishes	
Pepper-shaker	
Pitch dipper, — handle riveted	two.
Potato bag	
Rope for canoe, — “Painter”	
Salt-shaker	
Sponge for canoe	two.
Spoon, one, large	
Teaspoons, three	six.
Tent (A) 7ft. X 8ft.	
Tin dippers, four	six.
Tin pails; two, 2 qts.	three, 3 qts.
Tin plates, four	six.

For parties of more than four persons, the capacity of the pails, pots, and pans will have to be proportionally larger, and the number of the more necessary table-dishes increased, so that there will be two or three extra of each kind.

The cost of an outfit for two, such as is given above, will be about fifteen dollars, exclusive of tent, which may be bought for ten or twelve dollars.

Of course, persons *can* get along with fewer things than those above enumerated. The hunter often goes into the woods, in midwinter, and his outfit consists of a thin blanket, an axe, rifle, sheath-knife, frying-pan, and large tin dipper. With these, a bag of flour, a piece of pork, and what he shoots, he sustains himself, and makes no complaint. In like manner, a camper's “kit” can be crude, or elaborate, to suit his whims or

his pocket ; and he can direct his outlay in such a manner as to undergo a greater or less degree of "roughing it," — and to his entire satisfaction.

For the benefit of parties who go to Moosehead Lake, it may be well to say that all of the above articles can be bought at Greenville, except bags for provisions, which will have to be brought from home. These should be strong, made of stout drilling, and of various sizes, according to the bulk of the articles meant to be carried in them. Moreover, a large canvas bag, or rubber navy bag, should make part of the kit, to hold the smaller bags, and keep their contents dry.

It has been, and still is, quite common to carry provisions into the woods in wooden buckets or firkins. They answer very well for trips where little or no carrying is to be done, but are very much of a nuisance when the contrary is the case. The principal advantage in having bags is, that, as fast as your food is consumed, the *bulk* of your luggage decreases, which with buckets is not appreciable. *One* bucket, for dishes, salt and pepper shakers, can-opener, condensed milk, and other odds and ends, will more than compensate, in convenience, the trouble of carrying it. Axes and hatchets should be provided with some sort of cover. They are then less troublesome and harmful, and can be thrown into a canoe or on shore without danger, either of cutting something else, or of being themselves nicked or dulled. They can also be carried safely in one's belt, over carries and through the woods.

One or two kettle-holders will prove extremely useful, and easy to carry ; a small whetstone and a crooked knife, too, may well be added to the kit.

An iron bean-pot will be found a great luxury, if it does not have to be "carried" much. Otherwise take *canned* beans.

A farina boiler, which consists of two pails, the smaller set in the other, serves well to cook oat-meal and mush, without risk of burning, — either the food or the cook.

A shelter tent is warmer than an A tent, if a fire is kept blazing before it all night, but it is otherwise less convenient, especially in stormy weather.

PERSONAL LUGGAGE.

The writer first began to camp out ten years ago. His preparations for his initial trip to the woods were crude. As beginners, we do not feel the need of many things, which want of experience, perhaps as much as lack of means, prevents us from getting; but after a series of summers spent in the woods, we learn how we can, in many ways, add materially to our enjoyment and comfort, at trifling expense, and with only a slight addition to the weight of our luggage.

Following is a list of articles the writer deems essential to a tolerable degree of comfort and ease, while out for a two weeks' canoeing excursion : —

- One pair stout shoes, well greased.
- One pair stout slippers.
- One suit, — old, but stout clothes.
- One extra pair pantaloons (Scotch goods).
- Two woollen shirts with collars.
- One change of under-clothes.
- Slouch felt hat (gray).
- Two or three pairs heavy woollen socks.
- Two silk handkerchiefs.

A cardigan jacket (dark gray).
A light rubber coat.
Two rubber blankets, — for each person.
One pair heavy woollen blankets, — for each person.
A blanket strap.
Two carrying straps.
Court and sticking plaster.
Small flask of brandy.
Bottle Jamaica ginger.
Box of grease for boots.
Bottle of mosquito mixture.
Piece of soap in small tin-box.
Sponge, tooth-brush, comb, and two towels.
Camp candlestick and candles.
Two or three haversacks, or a knapsack.
Mosquito net for the head.
A knit cap for sleeping.
Pieces of rope and twine.
Rags, and a small bottle of gun-oil.
Needles, thread, beeswax, and a small awl.
Compass, matches.
Broad belt, with strap for attaching tin cup.
Good sheath-knife.
Cartridge-box (old army cap-box).
Allen, or Winchester, rifle, and from 50 to 100 cartridges.
Cheap fly-rod, four leaders, and a dozen flies.
Six stout hooks.
Reel, and fifty yards oiled-silk line.
Pack of cards — for rainy days.
Pocket-map of region to be visited.

COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING.

Do not wear boots into the woods. They are cumbersome, and sure to get wet, and when in that condition are very hard to get off and on. A pair of loose-fitting brogans, such as can be bought for about two dollars, or an old pair of Waukenphast's shoes, if you

have them, will be found most comfortable. Shoes should fit snugly, without pinching. If your feet are going to be out of order for want of proper covering, you would better go back home at once. A piece of leather may prove of service in your "kit." The writer has of late years found rubber boots, which come up half-way between knee and hip, almost indispensable where wading is necessary. However, a pair of stout shoes, well greased, will answer the purpose, and when you return to camp with wet feet, the comfort of dry socks and slippers will be exceedingly grateful. If you take rubber boots, a change of pantaloons will not be necessary.

An excellent substitute for heavy shoes and slippers will be found in moccasins, which when new are waterproof, and fit the foot easily. They are good either in a canoe, or when on the walk; an extra sole on the inside helps to protect the foot from roots and stones. In this connection, when you dry your shoes or moccasins, be careful not to expose them to too great heat. Greased leather, or the fatty hide of any animal, will, when exposed to the sun, or to a hot fire, burn very quickly, and before one would suspect it. It is a serious thing to lose one's foot-covering in the woods.

A heavy coat, or overcoat, will be found to be an incumbrance from its weight, and inconvenient when paddling. A good cardigan jacket and a thick vest will be all the extra clothing needed for cold days in September. The suit one wears should be such as one does not expect to use again. Scotch goods are preferable, as they dry easily after a wetting. Their color should be dark gray, if possible, to resemble that of the

trunks of the trees. The wearer will thus be less likely to attract the notice of game that may come in his way.

A pair of suspenders is a comfort one should not be without. It does not matter if they do not look well over your woollen shirt.

A light rubber coat in the woods is invaluable, and two or three extra rubber blankets are apt to be quite serviceable, in more ways than one. Should a shower overtake you *en route*, one of them thrown over your canoe-load protects it thoroughly. In camp two of them stretched overhead on either side of a horizontal pole make a good shelter both for your table and luggage, and they also make a warm covering to sleep under, on cold nights.

A good substitute for tent, and rubber blankets too, consists in pieces of cotton cloth, 7ft. \times 4ft., soaked in boiled linseed-oil. If made with eyelet-holes in the margin, they will answer the purpose of a tent, four of them being laced together in pairs, two side to side, and these pairs end to end. The two ends thus laced together are laid on the ridge-pole of the tent, and triangular pieces buttoned on at each end complete the dwelling.

One pair of stout uncut woollen blankets for each person is none too many. For cold nights in September more warmth and comfort can be had by having your blankets doubled over and sewed up on one *end*, and three quarters up the side, like a bag, so that when in it you have two thicknesses of blanket over and under you, and your feet cannot become uncovered during sleep. The top of the blanket can, if necessary, be drawn up

over the head, while that part of the side left unsewed will furnish a good breathing-place.

Leather carrying-straps consist of a *centre piece* about a foot long and two inches wide, firmly sewed, at either extremity, to slightly tapering *end pieces* ten feet long and half an inch wide.

To make a pack, spread out on the ground your blanket, tent, or whatever you intend to use for the purpose, and double it over, more or less, to suit the size of your load. One or two trials will enable you to judge accurately of the extent of covering needed for the pack. Lay the strap on the blanket, &c., so that the *centre piece* shall be just over the edge of it, opposite the middle of the side, and the *end pieces* shall extend from the same side along the ends of the blanket, half-way from the middle of it to the ends. Then fold the ends of the blanket over the strap, letting them meet in the middle, or overlap, if necessary. The foundation of your pack is now ready. Make a pile of your luggage, buckets, provisions, &c. on the blanket, and when you think you have weight or bulk enough, take the ends of your strap, one at a time, and knot each to the corresponding end of the *centre piece*; pull tightly, so that the ends of your blanket will be drawn together like the mouth of a bag. After the knots shall have been made, bring the ends of your strap together at the middle of the pack under the *centre piece*, cross them and carry them around to the opposite side of the pack, where they shall be firmly and finally knotted. The pack thus made is slung on the back; the broad part of the strap rests against the forehead, and by leaning forward, and

holding the strap with both hands over the shoulders, a heavy weight can be carried with comparative ease. The Indians use this method almost altogether.

The foregoing list includes a small quantity of brandy. This should be used only in case of sickness. People are supposed to go into the woods for the purpose of gaining health and strength, and this inestimable privilege should not be prostituted by the use of liquor, merely to gratify an appetite for drink. The use of stimulants is sure to be followed by an unhealthy reaction, and in the woods, if nowhere else, there ought to be enough in Nature's charms to draw one away from a practice at once ruinous to health and to self-respect. For colds, or after a wetting of the body, Jamaica ginger will be found an excellent remedy and preventive.

Parties who camp out in July or August will need some mosquito-repellent, to put on their faces and hands. Various compounds are put up, and are for sale, by druggists and others, which may answer the purpose ; but the writer has never found anything better than oil of tar, and sweet oil or glycerine, in equal quantities, and a little gum camphor and oil of pennyroyal mixed with it. At first, renewed applications are necessary at short intervals, until the skin becomes moist, and saturated with the odor of the mixture.

For ladies, a pair of thick buckskin gauntlets, and a good veil, are the best and most pleasant substitutes for the above mixture.

A mosquito net for the head, such as are for sale at sporting emporiums, will be a great comfort on warm nights, and especially about daybreak.

Matches should be kept in a small tight tin box, in a dry part of your luggage. A water-proof pocket-match-box you should always carry with you, well filled. You may need it once in ten years, but might fare badly that one time if caught without matches.

As to gun and fishing-tackle, some prefer one kind and some another. Usually campers-out take just what they can conveniently get. The Winchester gun, eight-shooter, is now the favorite. It is cheap, reliable, and can be fired and reloaded from the shoulder, besides being of a desirable weight. The Allen gun is also a good gun for a cheap one, but, not having a magazine, cannot be fired so rapidly as the Winchester. For a two weeks' trip fifty cartridges will be found more than enough, unless one expects to ignore the possible presence of large game, and to shoot right and left at anything which may furnish a good target.

A shot-gun will generally be found a useless encumbrance.

For fly-rods, one made of ash and lancewood, and which weighs from eight to twelve ounces, and costs about five dollars, will answer well enough for ordinary fishing. Higher-priced rods can be had according to one's taste and resources, and afford, perhaps, more satisfaction to the scientific fisherman. They can well be taken care of, when the owner is at a hotel, but the camper-out will find it rather irksome to be continually putting his rod together, and taking it apart to avoid a rain-storm or the dews of night.

For flies, the best are the Montreal, red-ibis, brown-hackle, and blue-jay. For spring-fishing additional varieties may be found good, such as the Jenny-Lind, the grizzle-king, the professor, and the gray-drake.

Six-foot leaders are long enough. They should be of a pale bluish tint.

A map is desirable as a guide ; it also serves to while away many an hour which might otherwise be dull. You become familiar with the character of the country, and, after study of the different water-courses, can often plan out trips, and post yourself upon their practicability, by questioning guides and others, whenever opportunity offers.

PROVISIONS.

The following list of provisions will be found to contain all that is necessary for good camp-fare, together with a little that may be regarded as a luxury. The acid in pickles, tomatoes, and dried or canned fruit, serves as a corrective to the large amount of fat unavoidably eaten by campers, and just enough of these articles should be taken to serve this purpose, and vary one's diet, without adding too much extra weight to the necessary canoe-load.

The fractions opposite each article in the list represent the amount of such article which a man of average "camp-appetite" will eat in one day, and are based on the writer's experience with ten different men on six different trips. To know approximately how much to take for a given time, it is hardly necessary to say, multiply the number in your party by the number of days you are to be in camp, and this result by the several fractions. Of course there can be no absolute gauge of appetites, and during the last few days of your trip you may have to live on short rations ; or

you may find so much game as to have an overplus of provisions. In either case, however, this list will be found to be not wide of the mark.

		Daily Amount per Person.
Baking powder	1-15 box.
Beans	1-16 qt., or 1-12 can.
Butter	1-12 lb.
Chocolate	1-30 lb.
Coffee	1-45 lb.
Condensed milk	7-100 can.
Corn	1-20 can.
Corned beef	1-12 lb.
Dried peaches	1-20 lb.
Flour, white and Graham	1-2 lb.
Hard bread	3-20 lb.
Lard	1-10 lb.
Molasses	1-30 qt.
Oat meal	}	2-25 lb.
Cracked wheat		
Pearled barley		
Onions	1-20 lb.
Pepper	1-150 lb.
Pickles	optional.
Potatoes	1-50 bu.
Pork or bacon	1-4 lb.
Salt	1-25 lb.
Sugar	6-25 lb.
Sugar, maple	optional.
Tea	1-100 lb.
Tomatoes	1-12 can.

It must be borne in mind that, if any one of the above articles is not taken, more of something else must be substituted. Maple sugar, dried or canned fruit, chocolate, and corned beef are luxuries, and will have to be used sparingly, if taken in the quantities given above. Canned meats will be found most ac-

ceptable for lunch, when you are on the move and do not or cannot stop long enough to cook. Flour will generally be found preferable to hard bread, as the latter is apt to become crumbled on being moved from place to place.

Some parties go into the woods with a notion that they are sure to get all the game they need for subsistence, and that it is therefore unnecessary to take more than enough flour, &c. to give a pleasant change to one's diet. This is a great mistake. Rely on your own larder, not on Nature's, and you will be much better off.

CANOES AND THEIR USAGE.

A good birch-canoe should be made of tough bark, the eyes of which are not easily broken, and there should not be any inequalities or "humps" on that part which is usually in the water, for the water by swelling them makes the "humps" more prominent, and thus more likely to be scraped or broken by contact with rocks. Nor should a canoe be what is vulgarly called "hog-backed," that is, lower in the middle than at the ends. For general use it should be flat-bottomed, rather than have a slight keel. It will then ride in shallower water, and be less ticklish and more manageable.

One can, with a little practice, learn how to *paddle* a canoe; the secret of keeping a straight course lies in feathering the paddle at the end of the stroke. To be able to use the *setting-pole* skilfully requires more study, not only to learn the effect on the canoe of

each position and movement of the pole, but also the additional effect on it of the current or "set" of the water, and of gusts of wind, all of which must be "compensated."

At all times a canoe should be so loaded as to be "trim," or perfectly level. A slight displacement of equilibrium is very annoying.

When poling through rapids, the chief points to be borne in mind are to keep the bow pretty well loaded (more so when going up than when coming down), and to *keep it pointed in a line parallel with the current*. In sinking the pole into the water, it should be held away from the side of the canoe, and in pushing laterally it should be used from that side towards which you wish the bow to go. Much less strength is needed to *push* the bow around in this way, than to *pull* it around from the other side, besides which it is much less dangerous. In the latter case the current may swing the stern against and over the pole, and the jar and pressure may send the canoe-man into the water, or make him drop his pole. You should stand erect in the stern, with the left foot in front, and both feet on a line with the length of the canoe. Grasp the pole with both hands, the right uppermost, so that on the end of the push the left will be free to take hold higher up. This position is for poling on the right side. The pole may be shifted from side to side, and either end used, as emergency requires, but the end that is shod with a pick is alone reliable among slippery rocks.

The posture of the man in the stern of a canoe is usually sitting on the rear thwart and rails behind it.

The bow-man's best position is kneeling on the bottom, his thighs supported by the second thwart. More work can be done in this position than if sitting on the thwart or on a seat behind it, although the latter is the more comfortable. The more lightly a canoe is loaded, the more easily it can be overturned, and for this reason it is best for both the bow-man and stern-man to *sit on the bottom* of the canoe while on stormy water.

The scope of this work will not admit of more general discussion of this topic. A little practice, and a wetting or two, will give one sufficient insight into the theory to enable one soon to be quite at home in a canoe.

For leaks in the canoe a mixture of resin, and tallow or other fresh grease, is generally used. A small quantity of grease is needed, more or less, according as the water is cold or warm. If your mixture should be too soft, boiling will make it harder. It can be tested by putting a few drops on a chip, and dipping it in the water. The bark must be quite dry when it is applied, which condition is best produced by turning over the canoe and exposing it to the sun, or by holding a fire-brand near the injured part. And in this connection it may be said, that a canoe, when not required for use, should always be taken out of the water and turned over. While afloat, its bark becomes saturated with water, and increases very much in weight.

For the same reason, do not get sand into your canoe. It gets down under the ribs, and cannot be removed. Wash off the soles of your shoes before you step in, and do not step in when by so doing your

canoe will be depressed on to sharp rocks or gravel. This rubs the bark and makes the eyes crack. A canoe should be treated as carefully as if it were made of glass.

If you should unfortunately get out of pitch, and have a leaky canoe, look for a large pine-tree, and cut a small horizontal trough in one side of it, about three or four inches deep, into which the resinous sap will run. Boil this down to the proper consistency, add grease, and apply hot with a small flat stick. If you have not time to do this, a substitute for pitch may be found in spruce-gum.

It is dangerous to attempt to sail in a canoe. When your course is straight, you can sometimes profitably lash two canoes together, not so close that they will chafe, and, by means of a rubber blanket or coat, sail before the wind. In a single canoe a thick bush planted or held in the bow will greatly help to accelerate your speed before the wind.

It may not be out of place to say here, never allow the man in the stern of a canoe to have a loaded gun by his side while you are in the bow. The reason is too obvious to need explanation.

GUIDES.

Well-informed and reliable guides can be secured at prices ranging from one to two and a half dollars a day, according to the locality, and according to the length and difficulty of the trip in view. At Moosehead Lake, for services rendered parties staying at any of the hotels on the lake, the regular price is two dollars and a half

and board, or three dollars, the guide to "find" himself. For services from Moosehead on a trip where a canoe is likely to receive hard usage, three dollars per day and board may be asked, while for a long and not difficult trip less than two and a half dollars and board may be reasonable compensation.

Away from Moosehead Lake, guide-hire is rarely more than two dollars a day, while at the Forks of the Kennebec and at Sebec Lake good guides may be had for from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day, and board.

The laws of supply and demand apply to guides and their compensation, as well as to other marketable "commodities," and *good* guides in the "season" are apt to have little spare time on their hands to dispose of at less than the usual local rates. Inferior guides, lacking in knowledge of the various routes and fishing grounds, can be had at a very low price.

Guides who receive the above-named prices furnish a canoe and the necessary camp "kit," except blankets. Sportsmen provide all the food needed.

Cases have been not uncommon where men of prominence in their own neighborhood have knowingly recommended as competent guides persons of notoriously bad character, temper, or incapacity. Again, some guides have wilfully imposed upon parties engaging them, and by misrepresentation, apathy, or opposition to their wishes, have made an utter failure of what could otherwise have been a delightful trip, — one on which perhaps the participants had been building hopes of pleasure for months previously. Such practices do great injury to those guides who conscientiously try

to make their employers realize their expectations of a pleasant vacation, and are apt to reflect on the entire fraternity, to their great discredit.*

In this connection it may not be out of place to say a word about the treatment of guides. They may picture in exaggerated language the hardships of this or that particular trip, and dwell upon the advantages of some others, which they well know will require much less labor on their part. You thus may be imposed upon, and may miss having a great deal of enjoyment. Get your information well digested before you start, and when your mind is once made up, push ahead. Let your guide understand, at the outset, where you mean to go, and that you expect him to devote all his energy and experience to getting there.

On the other hand, do not harass him in trivial matters. Some persons stand over a guide, when he is cooking, and object to this way of holding the frying-pan, or that way of turning the flippers, and perhaps in a majority of cases thoughtlessly annoy him when there is no necessity for it.

Give your guide plenty of time to select a good camp-ground, and to prepare for the night. Favor him when you can. Keep your end of the canoe trim, and do not hesitate to get out and walk now and then, if by so doing you can avoid tearing or scraping the bark.

* Visitors at Moosehead Lake can obtain reliable information about guides, from the superintendent of the Mt. Kineo House, and excursionists will do well, in all cases, to engage their guides a month in advance.

CAMP-GROUND.

It is of the utmost importance for tourists to stop early enough, at the end of each day, to select a good site for their camp, to pitch their tent, and to get wood enough together to last over night. Many people do not seem to think how hard it is to do all of these things in the dark. Only an absolute necessity should induce late camping. An hour before sunset is late enough to cease paddling.

A good camp-ground will be one with a good landing, — not a steep, muddy bank, — where there is plenty of wood, good water, and where the ground is dry and level. A small tree or two may have to be cut down, and all roots and “humps” should be removed. They make themselves very prominent before morning, even when covered generously with boughs.

The tent should be pitched with the head to windward, so that the smoke from the fire shall not be blown into it. It should also be well under shelter, in anticipation of high winds or heavy rain, and in a position where a heavy rain would not be likely to flood it.

The ridge-pole and uprights should be well trimmed of all projecting twigs which might make a hole in the tent, except that the uprights may have left on one side several such, on which to hang belts, cups, and the like. The uprights should be cut about nine feet long, with a slight notch on the upper end, and the lower end sharpened. Drive them into the ground, by their own weight, and work them from side to side, thus enlarging and deepening the holes until the poles are sunk sufficiently to stand out of ground the height of the



• Cedar.



• Fir.



• Hackmatack.



• Spruce.



• Pine.



• Hemlock.



tent. Then lay the latter out flat on its side, put the ridge-pole in its place, along the top of the tent, take down the uprights and insert them under the side of the tent, up against the ends of the ridge-pole, and, with one person holding each of the two poles, lift into a perpendicular position, and set them into their holes. They will usually stand alone while the pins (notched sticks) are being driven into the ground.

A string stretched across the tent, just under the ridge-pole, will make a good clothes-line for socks, towels, and the like. Guns and rods can be stacked around the pole at the head of the tent, at night, and made secure by a strap.

The historic camp-bed is made of fir-boughs, laid down in rows with the under side up, and overlapping each other shingle fashion, the larger part, or stem, being covered by the adjoining layer. It requires some knack to break off boughs from fir-trees. A quick snap, accomplished by the thumb and fore and middle fingers, does it.

Tables and seats can be improvised, and with a small amount of labor a camp can be considerably embellished. Two rubber blankets stretched over a ridge-pole, which is laid on, and tied to, the branches of adjoining trees, make an excellent canopy for the table. To provide a seat, select two trees about four or five feet apart; with your axe cut into them on the same side for several inches, about a foot and a half above ground. Then make several perpendicular cuts into this part of the trees, into which drive a wedge, which shall project about a foot, and a little above a horizontal. On these wedges lay poles cut the proper length, and you have your seat.

A candlestick may be made, by taking a stick as large round as your thumb, sharpening one end, splitting the other, and inserting the candle, which will be held in place by the elasticity of the wood. If not, it can be tied with a string or withe.

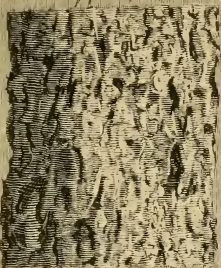
CAMP-FIRE.

The camp-fire should be built about six feet from the door of your tent. The large trunk of a tree, say five feet long and two feet in diameter, (or two smaller logs, one on top of the other,) makes your back-log, or reflector, while two smaller and shorter ones, placed at right angles to it, about four feet apart, make your "hand-junks," all of them preferably of hard wood. The active or burning part of the fire will be between the hand-junks, and it may readily be lighted with birch-bark. Dry soft-wood is usually abundant. Dead wood found lying on the ground is apt to be wet and soggy, and will not burn readily. Pull down two or three small dead trees, which can quickly be cut or broken up in lengths to suit. This serves well to kindle your fire, after which hard wood will be found hotter and less crackly.

The following woods are good for cooking, when dry, substantially in the order named: pine, fir, cedar, hemlock, and spruce. The last four kinds crackle considerably, and make a great quantity of ashes. A dead and partially decayed hemlock will burn well, and will not crackle very much.

All of the foregoing, when green, have a good deal of gum in them, except cedar, which splits easily, and is much used for tables, skin-stretchers, and the like.

Spruce



Hemlock



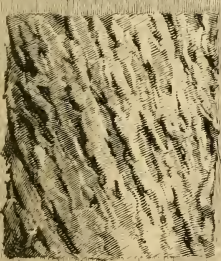
Pine



Fir



Cedar



Hackmatack



Of the hard woods, rock-maple and yellow-birch are the hardest found in Northern Maine. The latter, being very tough, and usually growing to a much greater size than rock-maple, is good for back-logs and hand-junks, while white-birch is easily split, burns freely, but does not give as much heat as rock-maple or yellow-birch.

COOKING.

Having given the kinds of food suitable for camp, and the quantities of each to be provided, it may not be out of place to give a few hints as to its preparation for the table.

Fish chowder is one of the readiest of camp dishes, as well as one of the most palatable. Clean your fish, cut it into pieces about an inch long, peel and slice your potatoes, not too thin, and put into your pail alternate layers of fish and potatoes, together with a small quantity of pork or bacon cut into small squares, and a quarter of an onion chopped fine. Season each layer, as you put it in, with salt and pepper, and cover the whole with water. Boil about fifteen or twenty minutes, after which stir in one or two table-spoonfuls of condensed milk, add hard-bread, soaked or not, to suit the fancy, and leave on the fire a few moments longer. After the hard-bread shall have been added, great care should be taken that the mixture does not burn.

For duck, partridge, or musquash stew, cut the meat into small pieces, and place it in a pail, two

thirds full of water, where it can boil gently. After half an hour or more, according to the tenderness of the meat, season to the taste, add two handfuls of pearled barley, and boil twenty minutes longer, taking care that the barley does not burn on the bottom of the pail. In the absence of barley, thicken with a little flour previously dissolved in cold water.

For white bread, a small quantity of baking powder, according to directions which accompany the latter, and a pinch of salt, should be thoroughly mixed with the flour, *dry*. Then add cold water, stir vigorously, and knead *ad libitum*. Bread can be baked in a regular baker, or in a frying-pan. The latter method requires good coals and a hot fire. Put the dough in the pan, which has been previously greased, and set the latter on a small bed of coals, a foot or more from the fire. Leave it there a few moments, until the under side shall have hardened enough to retain its shape. Then tilt the pan up, and support it by a crotched stick stuck into the hole in the end of the handle. The bed of coals behind and underneath, and the fire in front, will soon cook the loaf, which will need watching and turning.

“Flippers,” or “flap-jacks,” are mixed like bread, except that a little more baking powder is used, and a good deal more water.

Graham bread is made like wheat bread, except that a little sugar is added to the other ingredients. Any farinaceous article which contains sugar or mo-

lasses will, when baking, burn much more easily than one without sweets, and therefore needs more careful watching.

A good johnny-cake, or suet-cake, can be made of equal parts of wheat flour and corn meal. First mix in your baking powder, then cut up into small squares a piece of pork, try out the fat, and pour the whole into your pan with molasses and a little cold water. Stir briskly, and bake before a hot fire.

Some persons prefer "prepared" flour for camp use, but the writer has always had the best of success with baking powders.

For baked beans you need an iron pot with close-fitting cover, and a good dry bean-hole. The latter can be dug with the blade of your paddle, near the camp-fire. A fire should be made and kept ablaze in it for an hour or more, so as thoroughly to heat the ground. Pine bark, cherry, or black-birch sticks make good coals.

Pick over the beans, put them into a pail of water, and set on the fire after, or during, supper. Parboil until the skin can easily be rubbed off the beans, when the water must be drained off, and the beans transferred to their iron pot. Put a good piece of pork in the middle near the top, add two teaspoonfuls of molasses, and cover the whole with water. The coals should then be shovelled out of the hole, a few being left on the bottom, the covered pot set in and surrounded by coals, on top and on the sides. Cover the

coals, in turn, with earth, and be careful not to leave any part uncovered, for the wind may fan the coals into too rapid combustion, and in the morning you will find your beans burnt.

It is hardly necessary to add directions for making tea and coffee, boiling or frying potatoes, or frying fish, except that fish should be put into the frying-pan only after the grease is thoroughly hot. Every one is supposed to know how these simpler dishes are prepared. Should any camper-out fail of the requisite knowledge, let him once become hungry, really "camp-hungry," and he will need no instructor. The art of cooking will come of itself.

DRESSING GAME.

The larger game of the woods is skinned by cutting through the hide, under the belly, from the tail to the neck, and laterally up the four legs and around the knees and hocks. The skin is then stripped or cut from the body, the animal lying on its back. The layer of flesh under the belly is deceptively thin. Therefore, in cutting through it to take out the entrails care must be exercised not to cut them. Their connection with the body is severed just back of the breast. The carcass should finally be washed thoroughly, and hung up by means of the sinews on the hind legs. All refuse matter should be buried at a long distance from camp.

The brisket, or breast, the "back-half," a part of the fore-quarter which runs on the ridge of the back

on either side of the spine and above the ribs, and the hind-quarters, are generally the best parts of large game, while in the moose the tongue, nose, and lower lip, and in the beaver the tail and liver, are considered great delicacies.

The smaller fur-bearing animals, such as otter, mink, and musquash, are skinned by cutting across the end of the body from the hock of one leg to that of the other ; then the lower parts of the hind-legs are cut off without being separated from the skin, which is pulled down, on all sides, over the body of the animal, after the manner of a stocking.

Trout are prepared for the frying-pan by being cut lengthwise along the belly, and having the entrails removed and the head and tail cut off. A pleasant flavor is imparted to them by hanging them where they will be in the smoke of the camp-fire for several hours.

HYGIENIC NOTES.

[The following pages are taken, with the kind permission of Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., from that gentleman's valuable work on "Field Ornithology," (Salem, Naturalists' Agency,) and the advice given in them cannot fail to prove serviceable, both to those who go into the woods to camp out, and to those who stay at home. It is here offered again to the public by the writer of this little book, with a grateful sense of the obligation he, in common with many others, is under to its author.]

ACCIDENTS.

Always carry a loaded gun at half-cock, unless you are about to shoot. Unless the lock fail, accidental discharge is impossible, except under these circum-

stances: *a*, a direct blow on the nipple or pin; *b*, catching of both hammer and trigger simultaneously, drawing back of the former and its release whilst the trigger is still held,—the chances against which are simply incalculable. Full-cock, ticklish as it seems, is safer than no-cock, when a tap on the hammer or even the heel-plate, or a slight catch and release of the hammer, may cause discharge. Never let the muzzle of a loaded gun point toward your own person for a single instant. Get your gun over fences or into boats or carriages, before you get over or in yourself, or at any rate no later. Remove caps or cartridges on entering a house. Never aim a gun, loaded or not, at any object, unless you mean to press the trigger. Never put a loaded gun away long enough to forget whether it is loaded or not; never leave a loaded gun to be found by others under circumstances reasonably presupposing it to be unloaded. Never put a gun where it can be knocked down by a dog or a child. Never forget that, though a gunning accident may be sometimes interpretable (from a certain standpoint) as a “dispensation of Providence,” such are dispensed oftenest to the careless.

The secret of safe *climbing* is never to relax one hold until another is secured; it is in spirit equally applicable to scrambling over rocks, a particularly difficult thing to do safely with a loaded gun. Test rotten, slippery, or otherwise suspicious holds, before trusting them. In lifting the body up anywhere keep the mouth shut, breathe through the nostrils, and go slowly.

In *swimming*, waste no strength unnecessarily in

trying to stem a current ; yield partly, and land obliquely lower down ; if exhausted, float, — the slightest motion of the hands will ordinarily keep the face above water ; and in any event keep your wits collected. In fording deeply a heavy stone will strengthen your position. Never sail a boat experimentally ; if you are no sailor, take one with you or stay on land.

In crossing a high, narrow footpath, never look lower than your feet ; the muscles will work true, if not confused with faltering instructions from a giddy brain. On soft ground see what, if anything, has preceded you ; large hoof-marks generally mean that the way is safe ; if none are found, inquire for yourself before going on. Quicksand is the most treacherous, because far more dangerous than it looks ; but I have seen a mule's ears finally disappear in genuine mud. Cattle-paths, however erratic, commonly prove the surest way out of a difficult place, whether of uncertain footing or dense undergrowth.

MIASM.

Unguarded exposure in malarious regions usually entails sickness, often preventable, however, by due precautions. It is worth knowing, in the first place, that miasmatic poison is most powerful between sunset and sunrise, — more exactly, from the damp of the evening until night vapors are dissipated ; we may be out in the daytime with comparative impunity where to pass a night would be almost certain disease. If forced to camp out, seek the highest and driest spot, put a good fire on the swamp side, and also, if possi-

ble, let trees intervene. Never go out on an empty stomach ; just a cup of coffee and a crust may make a decided difference. Meet the earliest unfavorable symptoms with quinine, — I should rather say, if unacclimated, anticipate them with this invaluable agent. Endeavor to maintain high health of all functions by the natural means of regularity and temperance in diet, exercise and repose.

“ TAKING COLD.”

This vague “household word” indicates one or more of a long varied train of unpleasant affections, nearly always traceable to one or the other of only two causes: *sudden change* of temperature, and *unequal distribution* of temperature. No extremes of heat or cold can alone effect this result ; persons frozen to death do not “take cold” during the process. But if a part of the body be rapidly cooled, as by evaporation from a wet article of clothing, or by sitting in a draught of air, the rest of the body remaining at an ordinary temperature ; or if the temperature of the whole be suddenly changed by going out into the cold, or, especially, by coming into a warm room, there is much liability of trouble. There is an old saying, “When the air comes through a hole, say your prayers to save your soul” ; and I should think almost any one could get a “cold” with a spoonful of water on the wrist held to a key-hole. Singular as it may seem, sudden warming when cold is more dangerous than the reverse ; every one has noticed how soon the handkerchief is required on entering a heated room on a

cold day. Frost-bite is an extreme illustration of this. As the Irishman said on picking himself up, it was not the fall, but stopping so quickly, that hurt him ; it is not the lowering of the temperature to the freezing-point, but its subsequent elevation, that devitalizes the tissue. This is why rubbing with snow, or bathing in cold water, is required to restore safely a frozen part ; the arrested circulation must be very gradually re-established, or inflammation, perhaps mortification ensues. General precautions against taking cold are almost self-evident, in this light. There is ordinarily little if any danger to be apprehended from wet clothes, so long as exercise is kept up ; for the “ glow ” about compensates for the extra cooling by evaporation. Nor is a complete drenching more likely to be injurious than wetting of one part. But never sit still wet ; and in changing, rub the body dry. There is a general tendency, springing from fatigue, indolence, or indifference, to neglect damp feet ; that is to say, to dry them by the fire ; but this process is tedious and uncertain. I would say especially, off with the muddy boots and sodden socks at once, — dry stockings and slippers, after a hunt, may make just the difference of your being able to go out again or never.

Take care never to check perspiration ; during this process the body is in a somewhat critical condition, and sudden arrest of the function may result disastrously, — even fatally. One part of the business of perspiration is to equalize bodily temperature, and it must not be interfered with. The secret of much that is to be said about *bathing* when heated, lies here. A person overheated, panting it may be, with throbbing

temples and a *dry* skin, is in danger partly because the natural cooling by evaporation from the skin is denied, and this condition is sometimes not far from a "sun-stroke." Under these circumstances, a person of fairly good constitution may plunge into the water with impunity,—even with benefit. But if the body be already cooling by sweating, rapid abstraction of heat from the surface may cause internal congestion, never unattended with danger. Drinking ice-water offers a somewhat parallel case; even on stooping to drink at the brook, when flushed with heat, it is well to bathe the face and hands first, and to taste the water before a full draught.

It is a well-known excellent rule, not to bathe immediately after a full meal; because during digestion the organs concerned are comparatively engorged, and any sudden disturbance of the circulation may be disastrous.

The imperative necessity of resisting drowsiness under extreme cold requires no comment.

In walking under a hot sun the head may be sensibly protected by green leaves or grass in the hat; they may be advantageously moistened, but not enough to drip about the ears. Under such circumstances the slightest giddiness, dimness of sight, or confusion of ideas, should be taken as a warning of possible sun-stroke, instantly demanding rest, and shelter if practicable.

HUNGER AND FATIGUE

are more closely related than they might seem to be; one is a sign that the fuel is out, and the other

asks for it. Extreme fatigue, indeed, destroys appetite ; this simply means, temporary incapacity for digestion. But even far short of this, food is more easily digested, and better relished after a little preparation of the furnace. On coming home tired it is much better to make a leisurely and reasonably nice toilet than to eat at once, or to lie still thinking how tired you are ; after a change and a wash you will feel like a "new man," and go to table in capital state. Whatever dietetic irregularities a high state of civilization may demand or render practicable, a normally healthy person is inconvenienced almost as soon as his regular meal-time passes without food ; and few can work comfortably or profitably fasting over six or eight hours. Eat before starting ; if for a day's tramp, take a lunch ; the most frugal meal will appease if it do not satisfy hunger, and so postpone its urgency. As a small scrap of practical wisdom, I would add, keep the remnants of the lunch, if there are any ; for you cannot always be sure of getting in to supper.

STIMULATION.

When cold, fatigued, depressed in mind, and on other occasions, you may feel inclined to resort to artificial stimulus. Respecting this many-sided theme I have a few words to offer of direct bearing on the [bird] collector's case. It should be clearly understood, in the first place, that a stimulant confers no strength whatever ; it simply calls the powers that be into increased action at their own expense. Seeking real strength in stimulus is as wise as an attempt to lift yourself up by

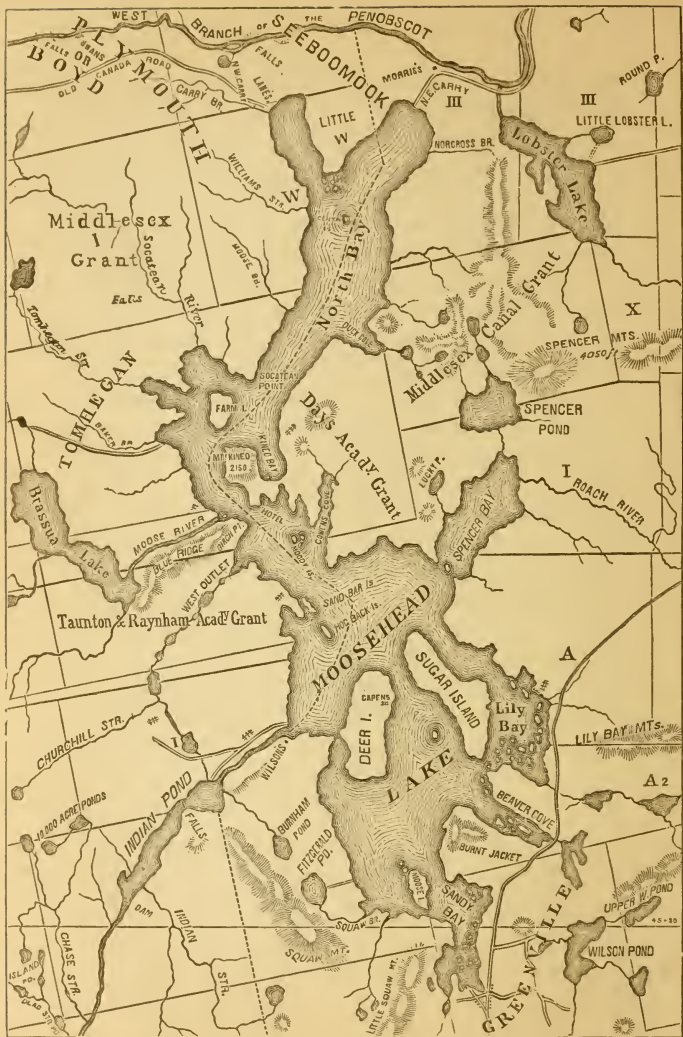
the boot-straps. You may gather yourself to leap the ditch and you clear it ; but no such muscular energy can be sustained ; exhaustion speedily renders further expenditure impossible. But now suppose a very powerful mental impression be made, say the circumstance of a succession of ditches in front, and a mad dog behind ; if the stimulus of terror be sufficiently strong, you may leap on till you drop senseless. Alcoholic stimulus is a parallel case, and is not seldom pushed to the same extreme. Under its influence you never can tell when you *are* tired ; the expenditure goes on, indeed, with unnatural rapidity, only it is not felt at the time ; but the upshot is, you have all the original fatigue to endure and to recover from, *plus* the fatigue resulting from over-excitation of the system.

Taken as a fortification against cold, alcohol is as unsatisfactory as a remedy for fatigue. Insensibility to cold does not imply protection. The fact is, the exposure is greater than before ; the circulation and respiration being hurried, the waste is greater, and as sound fuel cannot be immediately supplied, the temperature of the body is soon lowered. The transient warmth and glow over, the system has both cold *and* depression to endure ; there is no use in borrowing from yourself and fancying you are richer.

Secondly, the value of any stimulus (except in a few exigencies of disease or injury) is in proportion, not to the intensity, but to the equableness and durability of its effect. This is one reason why tea, coffee, and articles of corresponding qualities, are preferable to alcoholic drinks ; they work so smoothly that their effect is often unnoticed, and they "stay by" well ;

the friction of alcohol is tremendous in comparison. A glass of grog may help a veteran over the fence, but no one, young or old, can shoot all day on whiskey. . . .

Thirdly, undue excitation of any physical function is followed by corresponding depression, on the simple principle that action and reaction are equal : and the balance of health turns too easily to be wilfully disturbed. Stimulation is a draft upon vital capital, when interest alone should suffice ; it may be needed at times to bridge a chasm, but habitual living beyond vital income infallibly entails bankruptcy in health. The use of alcohol in health seems practically restricted to purposes of sensuous gratification on the part of those prepared to pay a round price for this luxury. The three golden rules here are, never drink before breakfast, never drink alone, and never drink bad liquor ; their observance may make even the abuse of alcohol tolerable. Serious objections for a naturalist, at least, are that science, viewed through a glass, seems distant and uncertain, while the joys of rum are immediate and unquestionable ; and that intemperance, being an attempt to defy certain physical laws, is therefore eminently unscientific.



PART SECOND.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND IMMEDIATE VICINITY.

BOSTON TO BANGOR.

ONE can leave Boston, via the Eastern, or Boston and Maine, and Maine Central Railroads, at half past seven o'clock in the morning, arriving in Bangor the same evening, where a good night's rest may be enjoyed at any of the comfortable hotels of that city. The most expeditious way, and one perhaps as comfortable as any, is to leave Boston at seven o'clock in the evening, taking the Pullman train on the Eastern and Maine Central roads, and arrive in Bangor early the next morning, in time to eat a good breakfast at the well-kept restaurant in the depot, or at one of the hotels, before proceeding further. Luggage is checked through from Boston to Blanchard, the present terminus of the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad.

The train of the European and North American Railway, which carries Moosehead Lake passengers from Bangor to Oldtown, is made up at the Maine Central depot, and leaves it some ten minutes before the time advertised for starting (7:10 A.M.). The

depot of the European and North American Railway is a quarter of a mile beyond, on Exchange Street.

One can go by water from Boston to Bangor, leaving the former place at five o'clock, P.M., and reaching Bangor about noon the following day. By this route, however, one day and night are lost, as the afternoon train from Bangor to Blanchard is a mixed one, and arrives at Blanchard late at night. There are no night stages to Greenville, and no hotel accommodations at Blanchard station, except such as the restaurant offers.

BANGOR TO THE LAKE.

Leaving Bangor at half past seven in the morning, the train carries one along the west bank of the Penobscot, over the European and North American Railway, twelve miles, to Oldtown. Here from the car-window can soon be seen, across the water, the Indian island, with its church and numerous dwelling-houses, — an object of curiosity to all strangers.

At Oldtown the train divides, and an engine in waiting is attached to the Moosehead Lake cars, which it hurries over the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, as fast as prudence, and a regard for stray cows, will allow.

In clear weather good views of Mount Ktaadn can be had from South Lagrange and from Milo.

The country through which the cars pass is pretty, although not specially interesting, until they near the town of Blanchard. Russell Mountain and other peaks then appear on the left, frowning down on the valley of the Piscataquis. The road-bed lies on the brow

of a high ridge to the east of the valley, and affords many a picturesque view of the valley and mountains beyond.

The cars arrive at Blanchard station between eleven and half past eleven o'clock, and, after having had an opportunity to lunch in the restaurant at the depot, passengers mount the stage, and for five miles climb over a number of hills which lie between Blanchard and Shirley. At the latter place the horses are watered, fares collected, and with a merry crack of the whip the stage proceeds. The seven miles of road between Shirley and Greenville are better than the other five, the hills shorter and less tedious, and, when within a mile or two of the lake, the scenery unfolds charmingly. Squaw Mountain, previously visible from many points on the road, looms up on the left, while on the right are Lily Bay, Baker, Elephant, Indian or Rum, White Cap, and many other peaks of interest, and ranges of lesser mountains which extend far away to the east.

GREENVILLE AND VICINITY.

Greenville, a small village with one church and about two hundred inhabitants, is at the southern end of Moosehead Lake, on an arm called the East Cove, and is the focus of the logging operations on the upper Kennebec and Penobscot waters. Supplies are hauled from here in winter over or around the lake to the various logging camps, and all travel to and from the camps is through Greenville.

Apart from the arrival and departure of the stage there is nothing, in summer or winter, specially to interest strangers in Greenville, more than in many other favorite country resorts. The view of the lake from the village is pretty, although circumscribed, but perhaps the mountain-tops, and the snatches of water visible among the rocky and wooded islets near at hand, awaken a larger anticipation of the scenes and enjoyment still to come.

There are two hotels in Greenville, the Eveleth and Lake Houses; at either of which visitors are attentively cared for and hospitably entertained. Guests can obtain teams at reasonable rates, with or without a driver, to make excursions to Wilson Pond or elsewhere in the neighborhood. Campers-out will find several good stores at Greenville, where they can get almost all the necessary articles of camp fare, or of camp equipage, including canoes.

Near Greenville there are a number of ponds and streams in which trout abound, and which sportsmen frequently visit. The most noteworthy are the

WILSON PONDS,

the nearer of which is three miles distant, to the east. A good wagon-road runs two miles of the way, to a farm where teams can be left and baited. The other mile may be walked, and the path leads over the farm, down a steep bank to the lower and larger pond. Fish are taken here almost exclusively with bait, and it is said that when they bite here, they will not rise in the lake, and *vice versa*. Boats can be hired at fifty cents a day.

A boat-ride across the lower pond and a short walk over a good path take one to the upper pond, which lies very prettily ensconced among surrounding mountains. Gerrish Pond, west of Big Wilson, Eagle Stream, Coffee House Stream (so called from the fact that a tavern or "coffee-house" stood on its banks in former days when the road to Moosehead ran due north through the centre of Monson), and other tributaries of Wilson Stream contain many a trout-hole, while numerous waterfalls along their courses, high and picturesque, add to the pleasure of a day's ramble through the cool recesses of the surrounding forests.

A drive or walk of three miles up the Lily Bay road to the McFarland place, formerly owned by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, will afford one a magnificent view of Squaw Mt., the lake, and its pretty islands below. Other pleasant walks and drives may be had in different directions, and a variety of pretty excursions may be made on the lake by sail-boat or canoe. With all its varied attractions one can spend a few days in the neighborhood of Greenville very pleasantly and quietly.

FITZGERALD AND SQUAW PONDS.

From the foot of the lake it is about six miles by water to Johnson's Landing, a mile west of North Squaw Brook, whence a logging road leads, half a mile, direct to Fitzgerald Pond. Squaw Pond can be reached from West Cove by a path two and a half miles long, or one can go the whole distance overland from Greenville, perhaps a mile further. A boat is usually kept at

the pond. Squaw Brooks are not navigable by canoes for more than a few rods. Fishing is sometimes good at their mouths, and in the ponds of which they are the outlets.

THE ASCENT OF SQUAW MT.

is made most easily over a path bushed out and cut anew in 1880. It leaves the north side of North Squaw Brook, and for two miles or more runs nearly west with a slight rise, being thus far an old logging-road and wet in some places. It then turns to the left, crosses a gully, and rises abruptly, the entire distance to the summit being about six miles, and requiring somewhat less than four hours to accomplish it comfortably. Half a mile below the summit are a miniature pond, a brook of good water, and excellent campground well protected from the wind. A magnificent panorama opens out before one from the summit, the view taking in mountain, lake, and forest for miles, and including the Spencer Mts., Ktaadn, Joe Merry, White Cap, and other peaks near Katahdin Iron Works, Barren, Boarstone, Russell, Bigelow, Abraham, Miserec, and Bald, from the southeast, around to the west and northwest. Squaw Mt. is 2,267 feet above Moosehead Lake, or 3,262 feet above sea-level. The descent to the lake can be made in two hours.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Each renewed visit to Moosehead Lake attaches one more firmly to its magic presence and lovely views, every feature of which offers the returning traveller an indescribable welcome. Stretching here and there in



MOUNT KINEO — PEBBLE BEACH.

irregular and broken confusion, its coves and bays grope about, as it were, like the arms of a cephalopod ; studded with islands numerous as the days of the year, from the tiny rocklet with its scanty, half-starved offspring of bushes, to the more extended area, covered with prodigal growths of fir and spruce ; surrounded by mountains whose soft outlines and ever-varying tints are objects of untiring admiration ; — these, and a thousand other beauties that steal unconsciously into the spirit, paint a wondrous picture, and fill one's being with fervent thanks to the Creator.

Moosehead Lake, nine hundred and ninety-five feet above sea-level, is about thirty-eight miles long, and varies in width from one to fourteen miles. Several hotels and taverns have sprung up, here and there, on its shores, and of late years the continuity of its dark green forests has been broken by the bright patches of farm lands, and white farm-houses peep up in many places, to indicate the thrift of their sturdy owners.

At Greenville will be found boats of all descriptions, from canoes to steamers. Tourists go up the lake either in sail-boats, which are to let by the day or week with the services of their owners, and as many more guides as may be necessary, or they take passage on one of the steamers which ply regularly between the foot of the lake and Kineo. The latter make two trips a day in the season between these places, and twice a week or oftener go beyond Kineo to the head of the lake. Their captains are very obliging, and to accommodate parties often go out of their regular course to the East Outlet, Spencer Narrows, and other points less distant. At almost any time a steamer may be chartered for a day or excursion at reasonable rates.

A telegraph line is now open at all seasons to Greenville, Wilson's at the East Outlet, and Mt. Kineo House.

Soon after the arrival of the stage, about three o'clock, the regular afternoon steamer leaves its wharf and threads its way among a number of small islands, passing to the right and almost within touching distance of Mile Island with its white barrel-capped mast, then almost grazing on the other side Ledge Island, the most prominent mass of granite in the lake. West Cove, the point of land north of it, and the sloping sides of Moose Island glide by on the left successively, and the steamer is abreast of Burnt Jacket Cliff on the east in quite an open expanse of water, from which a fine prospect is had of Squaw Mt. From just above and just below Burnt Jacket a glimpse may be had of White Cap Mt. at the east.

The steamer's course then lies past Birch Island, between Deer and Sugar Islands, which are so large as to be undistinguishable from the mainland. Emerging from her narrow channel she has now accomplished half of her journey (ten miles), and enters the widest part of the lake, where it is fourteen miles across from the Kennebec Dam to the head of Spencer Bay. Beyond the latter the two Spencer Mountains, the rounded outlines of whose summits have been visible from the road back of Greenville and from time to time from the surface of the lake, now stand out in all their immensity, no foot-hills near to dwarf their proportions. East of them, on a clear day, Ktaadn's mightier but more distant mass discloses its rugged outlines and

more varied contrasts of light and shadow, calling forth expressions at once of surprise and admiration.

North and west of the Spencers is Lobster Mt., to the left of it Little Kineo, Dry Mt., and Kineo, whose form, all but its very summit, long and flat, has hitherto been hidden from sight, while northwest and west the Blue Ridge, massive Bald Mt., pointed Misereee, and the forked peaks of Mts. Abraham and Bigelow can all be seen distinctly on a clear day. West of Deer Island are the

EAST OUTLET AND DAM,

where the Kennebec resumes its course, previously interrupted by the lake at the mouth of Moose River. A small hotel here accommodates a goodly number of guests, who frequent this favorite fishing-ground in September. Black, Green, and Snake Islands lie in the lake near the shore just above the outlet.

The Kennebec is very rapid immediately below the dam, and although a part of the distance between the dam and

INDIAN POND

is easy to run, it is considered safer to be hauled across, five miles, over a good road. On the right bank of the river, about two miles below the dam, is a farm where a team can be secured to do the necessary hauling. A road runs from the same farm to Churchill Stream. Indian Pond is divided into two parts, connected by a thoroughfare, and altogether is over three miles long. There is good fishing at the mouth of West Outlet Stream, in the thoroughfare,

and at the outlet of the pond. Below this point the river is wild and "ragged" for seven miles, and canoes seldom venture to brave the perils of its navigation.

Ten miles from the Kennebec Dam, on the opposite or east side of the lake, is Spencer Bay, which extends northeast four miles from narrows of the same name. Into its upper end empty Spencer Brook and Roach River. The latter stream flows some six or seven miles from

ROACH POND,

and is rapid, rocky, and hard to navigate. A road lies on the right bank. The better way to reach the pond is by road from Greenville. A tavern stands on the shore of Lily Bay, near the mouth of North Brook. From here to Roach Pond is seven miles, and to Greenville, thirteen. A buckboard can be procured at the Lily Bay House to haul one to Davis's, at the outlet of Roach Pond, where there is a substantial hotel with all the comforts which care and attention can provide in this isolated region. The ride is rather rough, and occupies about two hours and a half. At the dam in the river, near the hotel, and in pools below the dam, and also at the upper end of the pond, good trout-fishing is to be had. From the mouth of South Brook on the east side a good logging-road leads two miles southerly to Big Lyford (sometimes called Little Pleasant) Pond, passing around its west side to the south where it branches, one fork leading down the West Branch of Pleasant River to the Gulf, and the other leading northerly to Big Lyford dam, thence

easterly two miles to the West Branch Ponds. These latter lie close under the main peak of White Cap, and the fisherman may be sure of good sport here. With an early start from Roach Pond one can visit these secluded ponds and return comfortably the same day, allowing three or four hours for rest and recreation. There are plenty of trout in Big Lyford Pond, although they are not very large, and report speaks well in this respect of the Little Lyford Ponds, some five miles lower down the river.

The road from Roach Pond to Big Lyford runs in the opposite direction along Roach Pond, crosses North Brook a mile and a quarter from its mouth, and turning west follows the town-line for nearly four miles until it joins the Lily Bay road just east of Davis's.

The "South Inlet" is for three-eighths of a mile a broad and sluggish stream, running through a bog where the trees have been killed by high water, an inviting locality for ducks and larger game. From this end of the pond West Spencer Mt., and East Spencer Mt., not now the rounded peak it seems to be from Moosehead Lake, but a long ridge running nearly east and west and terminating on the east in a precipitous bluff, are conspicuous on the north, and White Cap with its threefold summit bounds the line of sight on the south. From the "North Inlet," in addition to White Cap, may be seen Baker Mt. and many peaks of the Lily Bay group. This is, on the whole, the most attractive part of the pond, except for out-door camping facilities, which are not of the best. A good log-camp, however, just above the mouth of the brook, is not altogether uninviting, and the brook itself, winding through a

boggy meadow, is an acquisition which may outweigh other disadvantages of location. Up this brook for nearly a mile and a quarter the water is sluggish and fairly deep. Beyond that point it becomes more rapid and shallow, and canoe navigation for the remaining two miles is, in ordinary seasons, a matter of some difficulty. At high water, however, a canoe can be poled up to the Second Pond.

The brook between Second and Third Ponds is only two and a half miles long, and is rather easier to navigate than the other. From a small mountain back of Shaw Farm fine views can be had of Penobscot, Second, Third, and Fourth Roach Ponds, and Trout Pond.

Roach Pond is about five miles long.

SPENCER POND

empties through Spencer Brook, two miles, into the bay of the same name. In low water a canoe will have to be dragged up the brook, or carried over a good road, which lies to the west of it. At the western end of the pond, which is about a mile and a half in diameter and substantially round, is a bog where cranberries grow in profusion. The usual camping-ground is on the northeast side of the pond, diagonally across from the outlet, and about midway between the fishing grounds, — two small streams which come into the pond, one on the north, and the other at the southeast corner. The north brook is sometimes hard to find. Its outlet is concealed by several small grassy islands. A mile up the brook is Little Spencer Pond. Spencer Mountains lie to the east of the pond; the nearer rises perhaps half a mile from its shore. They are both

very steep, and hard to climb. Into Spencer Bay, on the west, empties a brook which comes from

LUCKY POND.

This little sheet of water is rather narrow, and about three quarters of a mile long. It is a boggy place, and good ground for deer and caribou. A canoe can run up the brook some distance in "dead" water, and one then steps out into the road which runs up the right side of the stream to the dam, where it crosses and goes around the pond. It is only about fifty rods from the head of the "dead" water to the pond, and little more than a mile from the latter to the lake.

Six miles from Capen's Landing on Deer Island the steamer passes Hog Back and Sand Bar Islands on the left, and as it approaches its goal the indistinct cluster of white buildings at the foot of Mount Kineo is more easily separated into its component parts. Two miles from Sand Bar, Moody Islands are passed, on the right, and after two miles more the boat steams into the cove just east of the hotel, and is soon moored to its wharf.

MOUNT KINEO,

one of the largest hornstone mountains in the world, is midway up the lake, and, connected with its eastern shore by a narrow neck of land, forms quite a promontory. It is 763 feet above the level of the lake, or 1,958 feet above sea-level. A sheer precipice on the south and east sides, it falls away less abruptly towards the west, and slopes gradually to the north, affording

at its base very good farming land. . On this slope, at Hard-Scrabble, is raised, each year, a considerable quantity of grain and hay, on which the Kineo House stock is fed.

The eastern cliff of the mountain hangs over Kineo Bay. Its perpendicular height above the water is over seven hundred feet, and the lake near its base is 231 feet deep.

- From the cliff, skirting around northeast, runs a very pretty beach, divided, by a stretch of rocky, wooded shore, into two parts, — Cliff Beach, less than a mile from the hotel, and Pebble Beach, a mile and a half from it. From Table Rock off Cliff Beach, a few yards from shore, good fishing may be had late in the season. In fact, good fishing may be had, from canoes, all around Kineo Bay, and all the way around the mountain.

The south cliff is inaccessible except in one place near the western end, up a rift in the rock, where by the aid of trees men can find foothold for a very steep climb. The descent of the mountain by this route, to the hotel, can be made in half an hour.

The usual ascent is made from the southwest corner of the mountain, — Kineo Point, — and necessitates a boat-ride of about a mile from the "Three Sisters," — a group of pine-trees on the beach west of the hotel. Two and a half or three hours are enough to accomplish the round trip comfortably, and the view one gets from the summit well repays the toil of climbing. A cool spring on the top furnishes refreshing drink to the thirsty.

From a point on the water, between Kineo Point

and the Three Sisters, and some distance further from shore than on the direct line between them, may be seen a good profile, on the southeast corner of the mountain.

LEGEND.

Moosehead Lake, like many other places, has its Indian legends, and has been the scene of many a bloody encounter between dusky tribes of the past. At the narrows between Sugar Island and the mainland, parts of the Mohawk and Penobscot tribes are said to have met in a battle, in which the latter were almost annihilated.

The legend of Kinneho, the 'gloomy chief, and of his squaw-mother, Maquaso, each of whom has given name to one of the principal mountains near Moosehead Lake, is not without pathetic interest. Kinneho, as a boy, grew up with more than usual Indian taciturnity, and with ever-increasing gloominess of disposition. His mother watched the development of these characteristics with anxiety and disappointment. He gave little heed to her solicitude, neglected and avoided her, and even shunned the companionship of the members of his tribe.

One morning Maquaso disappeared. Suspicion of foul play at once fell on the undutiful son. Kinneho, although a brave warrior, was henceforth excluded from the councils of his tribe. He went forth, and for a long time was seen no more. One day, however, he suddenly reappeared in the midst of a severe fight, in which his old companions were being worsted. His

efforts turned defeat into victory, and he disappeared again, as mysteriously as he had come. Months went by. A solitary fire shone out, night after night, on the top of a mountain near the village of Kinneho's tribe, whose sides were all but inaccessible. No one dared approach the frowning rock, nor brave the anger of its dread inhabitant.

The exile lived on alone, in remorse lest he had been the cause of his unhappy mother's disappearance. Night after night he kept vigil, his uneasy glance scanning the horizon, as if impelled by an unseen power. One night, afar off to the south, against the side of a mountain twenty miles away, he spied a twinkling light. The thought seized him that his mother must be there. Through the forest he made his way towards it. The next night the fire shone out again through the trees. He neared it, and there before him stood his long-lost mother. Leaping to her side, he grasped her aged form in his strong arms, only to see the gleam of recognition in her eyes, and to hear her dying sob, as the broken spirit passed away, peaceful at last.

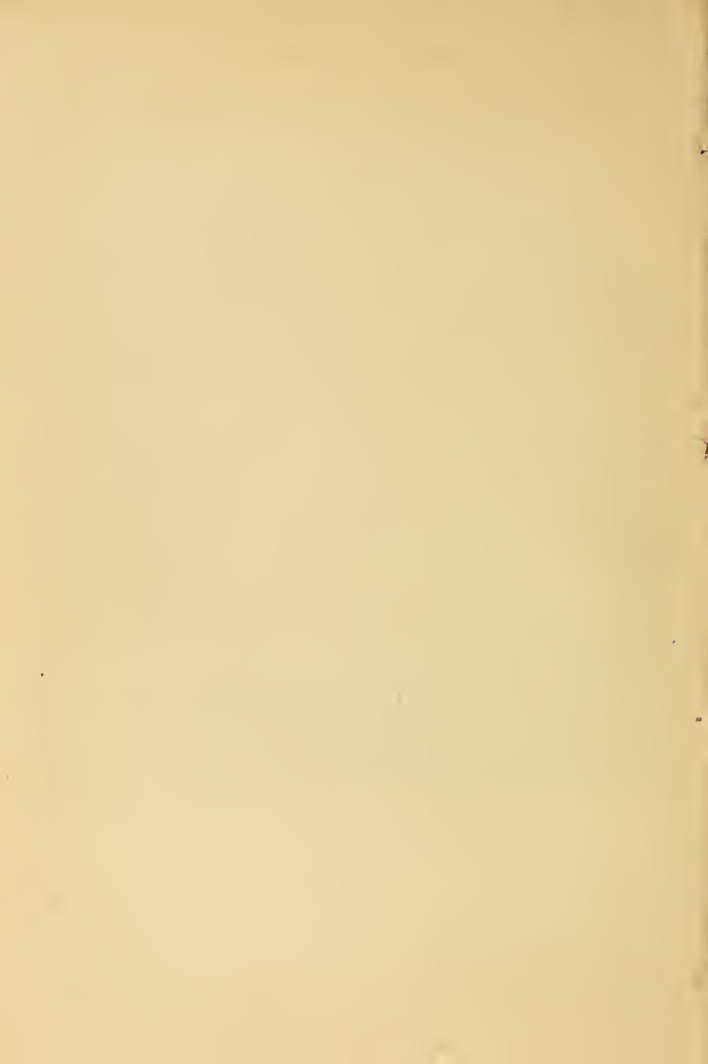
THE MT. KINEO HOUSE

is on flat ground south of the mountain, and with its stables and dependencies, all painted white, stands out in marked contrast to the wildness of the surrounding scenes. The main building and annexes, much enlarged and improved in 1881, can accommodate three hundred people. A large dance-hall, spacious reading-rooms, and a telegraph-office are among the latest improvements.

Walking, boating, canoeing, bowling, croquet, and



MT. KINEO — TABLE ROCK.



billiards are the principal pastimes of its guests. Besides the walks to Cliff and Pebble Beaches, which lead partly through pasture lands and partly through woods, and the climb up the mountain, there is little walking to be done.

The Mystic Grotto, a mile and a half from the hotel, where a cliff thirty feet high hangs over a shady spot in the woods ; the gold mine, a mile and a quarter from the hotel ; and the Devil's Delight, at the foot of the cliff, are all near Cliff and Pebble Beaches, and serve to give a slight variety to one's ramblings.

About three quarters of a mile from the Three Sisters, southwest, and off Birch Point, is a buoy, kept well baited in summer, where white-fish and "lakers" of considerable size are often caught. In nearly the same direction, a little more westerly, and a mile and a half from the Three Sisters, is the mouth of Moose River, properly the Kennebec. Up the river for a mile and a half the water is "dead," and offers a pretty morning or afternoon excursion.

The paddle or sail around the mountain — six miles — is somewhat more of an undertaking, but enjoyable. A small boat is usually to be found on Cliff Beach, which parties who walk over the neck can use, to row under the cliff, — perhaps a good substitute for a paddle around the mountain.

In the other direction, east, one can paddle a quarter of a mile to Little Gull Rock, a mile and a quarter to Big Gull Rock, and two miles and a half to Cowen's Cove. The latter is principally noted for the abundance of frogs which live in the grassy land at its head. In the same direction, on the shore beyond Little Gull

Rock is a miniature pond, separated from the lake by a strip of land a few feet wide, and at its upper end is a cranberry-bog. This is the narrowest part of the neck.

Moody Islands, two miles south of the hotel, furnish at times good deep-water fishing, and are very attractive as picnic-grounds.

Guests of the Mount Kineo House, who go into camp for a few days, can have their rooms locked up during their absence, and are provided with provisions for the excursion. These include all the usual articles of camp-fare, such as pork, potatoes, flour, baking powder, hard bread, butter, sugar, coffee, tea, salt, pepper, and the like, but no canned goods. No reduction is made on the bills of persons who go in this way. The alternative is to give up one's room, buy one's provisions, and trust to good fortune to secure a room on one's return.

Connected with the hotel at Kineo is a store, where all staple articles of food, and some luxuries, can be bought. The prices asked are just enough above retail prices at Greenville, or anywhere else, to cover the extra cost of transportation, and to leave a small margin for profit.

Fishing tackle of good quality can be bought or hired of the superintendent of the hotel.

It is to be hoped that the conservative spirit dominant thus far at Kineo, among its *habitués*, will still continue to shape its customs of plain dress and reasonable hours of rising and retiring. Gentlemen can live in woollen shirts, and appear in them at all times, without giving offence or appearing discourteous, while ladies are not obliged to make a change of toilet for

each meal. Saratoga trunks and elegant dresses are deservedly frowned down, and are utterly out of place. Man comes here to renew his vital energy ; and his every impulse — let it be said to his credit — is to throw aside the questionable requirements of fashion, which in most summer resorts hamper his freedom, and tend to sap his vitality instead of quickening it.

Besides the short excursions by water, already noted, one can paddle — or ride in the “Day Dream,” a tiny steamer belonging to the Kineo House — about three miles south of the hotel, to the

WEST OUTLET.

Much less water passes out of the lake here than at the other outlet, and consequently the stream, which runs nine miles to Indian Pond, is rapid, shallow, and rocky, except where broken by ponds. Of these there are eight or nine. The first lies within twenty-five rods of the lake, and is hardly more than a “logon.” A like distance beyond the first is the second pond, which is a mile long and half as wide. The third is a small round pond, or perhaps more properly only a stretch of “dead” water in the stream. Beyond it, half a mile from number two, is number four, twenty-five rods wide and half a mile long. Twenty rods more bring one into number five, which is half a mile long and nearly as wide. The sixth lies twenty rods beyond, is round and deep, and has a rocky shore. The seventh is three quarters of a mile from number six, and is a mile long and about half as wide. At its foot used to be a dam, at Bodfish Falls. Canoes can be “dropped” over the

ledges here, which together are about six feet high. The mouth of Churchill Stream is just below the falls, and one must paddle up it a mile and a half to the dam, where the best fishing is to be found.

A mile below Churchill Stream is a stretch of "dead" water, by some called the "Alder Ground," and by others Long Pond. It is a mile and a half long, and perhaps thirty rods wide. A short distance below it is Round Pond, the last of the series, and one of the largest, above which, on the left, at the mouth of a small brook, trout are to be found. It is a mile and a half or more from Round Pond into Indian Pond.

BRASSUA LAKE

lies to the west of Moosehead, and its lower end is due west of Kineo. One goes up Moose River for a mile and a half, through "dead" water, to a small island, opposite which non-working members of a party take to the path on the north side, while the canoes push up the stream two and a half miles, through rapid water, to the lake. The worst places are the dam, and Sam's Pitch, a few rods above it. At the former it is well for the inexperienced canoe-man to get out and draw his boat up by the "painter"; at the latter promptness of action only is needed.

Brassua Lake is six or seven miles long, and from one to two wide. At its southwest corner, opposite the outlet, is the mouth of Miseree Stream, once, and even now, a good fishing-ground. It is navigable for only a short distance. The favorite camp-grounds

have always been on the south shore of the Lake. Into its northeastern end empties

BRASSUA STREAM,

quite a pretty little river, and which, with the exception of a short stretch of rapids two miles from the mouth, is navigable for three or four miles. In a little pond above the rapids, and in the stream beyond, are good feeding-grounds for ducks. Just below the rapids are good trout-holes and fair camping sites.

Midway up the lake, and flowing into it from the west, is

MOOSE RIVER

again. About two miles of smooth, deep water bring one to the mouth of Tom Fletcher Brook, a good fishing-ground, named after a trapper who was drowned in the rapids up the river. Report says he was trapping in the woods with two companions, and, at the close of the season, returned alone to camp one day, took all the fur, and hurried down stream with it. The judgment of Heaven seems to have overtaken him, for his body was soon found some miles below camp, and was buried at the mouth of the brook.

A short distance above this spot the river widens and forms Little Brassua Pond. Here are a number of grass-islands, which afford play-ground to muskrats and hiding-places to ducks.

From this point up, the river is rapid, and it requires a good deal of energy to stem its current with a

loaded canoe. The Rolling Dam Ledge, a mile and a quarter above Little Brassua, and just below Coburn's Farm, is an obstacle over which a canoe will have to be lifted.

Three miles more of "strong," and in some places rapid water, intervene before the dam is reached. Above it, for two miles and a quarter or more, the current is strong, but navigation is good. Stony Brook Rapids are about one hundred rods long. At the dam, and at the mouths of the several brooks which flow into Long Pond, good fishing may be had.

LONG POND

is some ten miles long, and of irregular shape. Its shores are attractive to the camper-out, and afford some very pleasing glimpses of landscape, with mountains in the background. Seven miles of a winding and substantially smooth water-course lie between Long Pond and Wood Pond, although it is only four miles by land from one to the other. Moose River Bridge is half a mile below the latter pond, and over it passes the Canada Road.*

TOMHEGAN RIVER

empties into a cove about six miles from Kineo, on the west side of Moosehead Lake. It is an interesting stream, and well repays a visit. About two miles from the mouth, or perhaps less, are some "rips," above which "dead" water reappears for a time, and open

* The description of Moose River above Wood Pond will be found in another place.

alder-land soon takes the place of dark, overhanging banks. A canoe will have to be carried around these "rips." Fishing can be had at the mouth, and in pools near it. From the "rips" a good road runs, some seven miles, up the left bank of the stream to the pond, around whose shores great quantities of cranberries grow.

Four miles from Tomhegan, and about seven northwest from Kineo, in an extensive bay, is the mouth of

SOCATEAN RIVER,

one of the prettiest streams that empty into the lake. Its water near the mouth is without perceptible current, black, and apparently deep, and its banks are sprinkled with graceful hackmatacks, and fringed with bright-hued grass, mingling, at the water's edge, with lily-pads.

Four miles up the stream are the Falls and Pool, formerly a favorite resort for camping parties, but not so popular since the ravaging fire which ran through the forest there several years ago. Fishing is good at the mouth, and here and there up the stream, especially above the Pool and at the upper Falls, which are three miles from it. A good road runs up the east side of the stream.

DUCK COVE,

on the east shore of the lake, midway between Kineo and the Northeast Carry, and about ten miles from the former, lies under the shadow of a small mountain,

which is shaped very much like Kineo. At a distance it resembles it so much as to be called by some people "Little Kineo," a name applied by many of the old settlers exclusively to the larger mountain east of the Shaw farm. Back of it, and on an open road half a mile long, is a pond, where of late years fishing has been good. The road begins on the south side of the brook.

Baker Brook, in a deep cove just above the mouth of Moose River, Moose Brook, above Socatean Point, and Williams Stream, opposite Centre Island, — all of them on the west side of the lake, — afford more or less fishing, but the "catch" is apt to be small in size, if not in numbers.

The lake, after growing wider near Kineo, narrows again at Socatean Point, between which and Farm Island is a stretch of water known as the Devil's Blow-hole. The wind is ever contrary here, causing "chop-waves" in profusion, and is consequently annoying to canoe-men. From this point Bald Mt. looms up conspicuously on the west. On the east the Spencer peaks slowly rise into prominence from behind Little Kineo, while north of them are Lobster and Duck Cove Mts. Looking south, Kineo slowly assumes a foreshortened appearance, — on its right being Blue Ridge and on its left the Squaw Mt. range. Misere's sharp peak rises far to the west of Blue Ridge. From opposite Duck Cove glimpses may be had of Soubungan and the Nesowadnehunk Mts., and from a point nearer the head of the lake, as well as from the west of Farm Island, Mt. Ktaadn comes into full view.



SOCATEAN FALLS AND POOL.

TOURS BEYOND MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

PENOBSCOT WATERS.

NORTHEAST CARRY.

A SMALL hotel* stands on the shore of Moosehead Lake, at the end of the Northeast Carry, and affords comfortable accommodation and good fare to a limited number of guests. The steamer lands its passengers here twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, and they dine at the hotel.

Tourists can have their canoes and luggage hauled over the carry, two miles, to the Penobscot, for a dollar and a half each. There are two teams to be had, one at the hotel, and the other from Joe Morris's farm, at the other end of the carry. Each team can take two canoes and their luggage at a load. The road rises gradually towards the middle from each end, and is pretty level, but wet and muddy after a rain.

Blueberries grow in profusion in this neighborhood, and the remains are still visible of an old tram-way over which formerly lumbermen's supplies were hauled to the Penobscot.

* Kept by Simeon Savage.

WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT, GOING
DOWN FROM NORTHEAST CARRY.

Leaving Morris's, where the river is deep and sluggish, a two-mile paddle through "dead" water brings one to the mouth of Lobster Stream. Below here there is a strong current with some "rips" for two miles and a half more, when a small island is reached, where the water again becomes "dead." Three and a half miles more of unvaried still water bring one to Moosehorn Stream, a small tributary on the right. From this point to the head of Pine Stream Falls (seven miles), there is very little still water, the distance to Chesuncook Lake being made up of the following stretches, viz. : —

Moosehorn to Sears's Clearing (on the right)	2m.
Sears's to Ragmuff Stream (on the left) . .	$\frac{1}{4}$ m.
Ragmuff to head of Big Island	$1\frac{1}{4}$ m.
Big Island to Fox Hole	$+\frac{1}{2}$ m.
Fox Hole to head of Rocky Rips	$2\frac{1}{2}$ m.
Head of Rocky Rips to foot of Pine Stream Falls	$1\frac{1}{2}$ m.
Foot of Pine Stream Falls to Chesuncook Lake	2m.

Go to the right of Big Island, at the head of which, for a few rods, the river is rather shallow, but, except in dry seasons, there is depth enough to carry at least a canoe and luggage safely through to Fox Hole. Here the channel turns sharply to the left, lying within two feet, or less, of the left bank, and soon deepens again.

All the way from Morris's to Chesuncook Lake there runs along the right bank of the river a good road, which will be found very convenient to those who have to walk past shallow parts of the stream.

From the head to the foot of Rocky Rips is, perhaps, half a mile. Looking back from below them, when the river is at its ordinary summer height, no water can be seen in it at all, so thickly is its bed sprinkled with rocks and boulders.

A short stretch of "dead" water, containing several small grass-islands, separates Rocky Rips from Pine Stream Falls, the worst place in this part of the river. There are three principal "pitches," or falls, followed by perhaps three quarters of a mile of strong rapids. The writer's experience has been that it is better to go over the first pitch in the middle of the stream, then to the left over both the second and third pitches, but the height of the water at different times may make it expedient to change this course. In very high water, an easy passage by all three pitches may be found close to the left bank.

Rounding a bend about a mile below the rapids, one comes upon a huge pier in the river, and at about the same time bursts upon one's sight the glorious Ktaadn group of mountains, twenty miles to the east.

Fair camping-grounds may be found here and there along the river, a convenient one being just above Pine Stream Falls on the left bank, nearly opposite the mouth of Pine Stream.

Of all the tributaries of the West Branch, passed in these eighteen miles, Lobster Stream is the only one navigable for any considerable distance, the water in it being deep enough to admit of easy passage to Lobster Lake, two miles away, even in times of drouth.

There is little fishing to be had on this route, except at Fox Hole, in a small inlet on the left, where there are supposed to be cold springs, and on the right and left among some small grass-islands above Rocky Rips, where there is quite a gravel-bar in the river.

It takes, ordinarily, a little more than two hours to go from Morris's to Moosehorn, and from there to Chesuncook Lake from four to five hours more.

LOBSTER LAKE

(*Péské-bégat*, "branch of a dead-water") is connected with the Penobscot by a broad and sluggish stream whose current is often reversed, and fills the lake-basin to the extent of six or eight feet. The lake is elbow-shaped, and the north and northwest shores of its lower arm are flat and marshy, while those of the upper or southern arm are, for the most part, high and rocky. On the east side many ledges, often steep and difficult, jut out into the water, now and then enclosing charming reaches of sandy beach. An exceedingly pretty camp-ground is on the point south of Little Lobster Brook opposite a small island. From it can be seen Mt. Ktaadn and the Spencer peaks, while near at hand, and beyond the placid waters of West Cove, Lobster Mt. fills the view. From the head of West Cove, when the water is not low, a canoe can find passage-way into the main body of the lake, through a series of pretty little coves, where the pink variety of water-lily grows in abundance. Across the south end of the lake extends a narrow strip of sand-beach, on which blueberries thrive, while beyond it a low, flat tract of land extends almost to the foot of Spencer Mts.

Lobster Lake is one of the prettiest lakes in Maine, and a visit to it of three or four days, from Kineo, makes a delightful excursion.

CHESUNCOOK LAKE,

“the biggest lake,” a “bulge” in the Penobscot, as it has been properly called, is eighteen miles long, and from one to two miles wide. It is without special attraction, save the glorious view it offers of old Ktaadn.

From five to six hours are usually consumed in paddling over it, which time is increased or diminished according to the direction of the prevailing wind. Meals and lodging are provided at Murphy's (now Hilton's), at the head of the lake.

MOOSE BROOK

flows from a pond of the same name about two-thirds of a mile from the lake. Its water is dead, and a canoe can be taken up through it into Moose Pond, and from there “waded” through quick water three miles to Cussabaxis Lake. Between Moose and Duck Ponds it is impossible for a canoe to go, other than by being carried three-quarters of a mile to the dam. This group of ponds is seldom visited by sportsmen, and little is known of their attractions in the way of fish and game, although by some said to be good.

CARIBOU LAKE

lies to the southwest of Chesuncook Lake, and is connected with it by a “dead” stream about two miles long, which in some places is broad and covered

with lily-pads, and makes a good feeding-ground for ducks. The lake is seven miles long. Its shores offer few inducements to campers. Several streams empty into it, in which there is some fishing to be had early in the autumn.

RIPOGENUS LAKE.

At the lower end of Chesuncook Lake the river narrows again for half a mile, flows over a succession of falls, and again widens into Ripogenus Lake. At Chesuncook dam, and in pools below it, good trout are often taken, and occasionally a salmon.

The carry lies several rods south of the dam, and is a good solid road. Canoes may be put into the stream at the end of half a mile, but the most of one's load will have to be carried a quarter-mile further to the shore of the lake, in order to avoid the dangers of the intervening rapids. From and at the head of Ripogenus Lake begins a series of views of Mount Ktaadn and the Nesowadnehunk range, which fairly enchant the lover of nature. Ever shifting as one moves on, now hidden by forest or intervening ridge, now bursting suddenly forth again in greater majesty, old Ktaadn's silent and more vivid presence excites our awe and commands our admiration.

Ripogenus Lake is two miles long and a mile or more broad. It is a favorite camp-ground for tourists going down the river, and, aside from the picturesqueness of its situation, has quite an attraction in the wildness of the river at its foot.

Good fishing may be had off the mouth of Frost

Brook, and in pools below the lake. There is a cold spring in a cove on the south shore near the outlet.

HARRINGTON LAKE.

Into the northwest corner of Ripogenus Lake flows a stream of the same name, whose bed in summer ordinarily contains too little water for successful navigation. At high water, however, a canoe can be poled and led over rapids for four miles to the dam. Island Falls, a pitch four feet high, is about midway between Ripogenus Lake and the dam. Above the dam there is dead water for nearly two miles, then half a mile of quick water, followed by a small pond, and a rocky but smooth stretch of water which opens into Harrington Lake. A good path runs on the right side of the stream up to the dam, where it meets the road from Chesuncook Lake and continues on the same side up Harrington Stream almost to the lake, crossing between the latter and the small pond already mentioned. From this point it follows Soper, or Wadleigh, Brook on the west for two miles, crosses at a dam, and runs up the east side, along a three-mile bog, nearly to the source of the stream. It runs within two miles of Sourdnahunk Lake.

Harrington Lake is about three miles long and one mile wide, and lies prettily surrounded by hard-wood ridges, which afford many good camping-grounds. On the southwest shore, about two thirds of the way up the lake, and over a ridge, is a small pond where trout are said to abound.

Flowing into the lake at its head is a small stream,

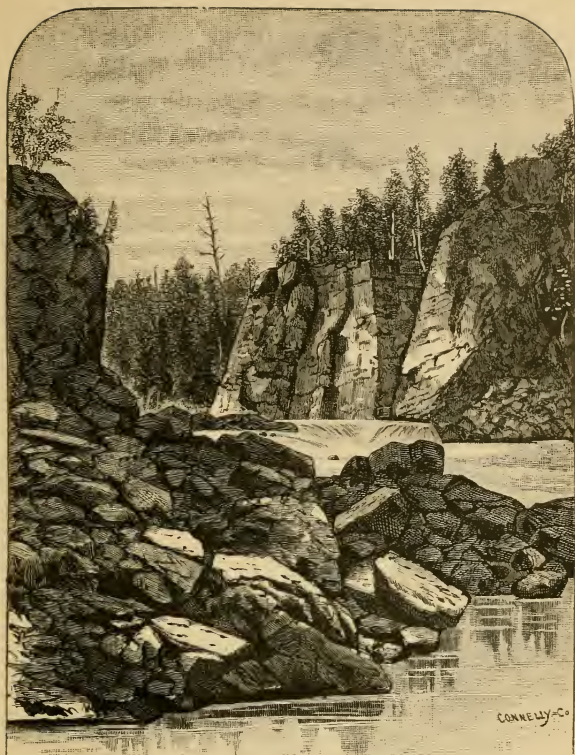
which connects it with two small ponds a mile or less apart, the second pond being half a mile from Slaughter Pond, whose waters flow into the West Branch through Nesowadnehunk Stream. Harrington Lake is reached, perhaps most easily, from Chesuncook Lake, by the road above mentioned.

FROST POND

lies about two miles north of Ripogenus Lake. A fair road leads to it from near the mouth of its outflowing brook, and to the east of it. The pond contains plenty of small trout, but without a canoe or raft it is hard to get at them, so densely wooded are the shores, to the very water's edge. The top of Ktaadn is visible from the west shore of the pond.

WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT, BELOW RIPOGENUS LAKE.

The outlet of Ripogenus Lake is ordinarily a narrow and deep gorge, where the water foams and hisses in its rapid course between walls of rock. After freshets, the river flows over a broader channel to the right, or south, of the entrance to the gorge, leaving quite a high and wooded island between the two. From this point, for a mile and a half, a good path runs along the river-bank, and enables one to get a fine view of perhaps the most wonderful, if not the most interesting, part of the Penobscot. Nearly the entire distance is a gorge with steep cliffs on either side, fifty or sixty feet high, in some places overhanging the stream, and with isolated masses of precipitous rock between them, whose tops



RIPOGENUS GORGE—LOOKING WEST.

are level with the banks on either side, and covered, like them, with ferns and blueberry-bushes. The water seems to have worn away the rock and soil around these islands, giving them the shape of an old-fashioned flat-iron, whence they derive the names of Big and Little Heater. The river pitches through this gorge in a succession of rapids, — none very high, but together making a fall of two hundred feet or more.

The carry from Ripogenus begins at the lower end of the lake, to the right of the outlet. At the end of a mile one descends a short hill, and on the right can be seen from the road

CARRY POND,

which used to be famous for its trout. In the absence of canoes a raft formerly served indifferently to bear people across the pond to the spring-hole where the fish lay. This pond has been so thoroughly fished of late years, that its supplies may not now always prove equal to the demand made upon them.

Half a mile from Carry Pond, on the road, is a large boulder on the brow of a steep descent. It lies in the middle of a small clearing, and from its top one gets a wide prospect over the valley below, and a fine view of Ktaadn.

At the foot of this steep descent, and beyond a small brook, a path turns off to the left and leads to the "putting-in place," below which is a cold spring. Half a mile further brings one to an old river-drivers' camp, from which another path leads down the bank to the "Arches," — another difficult and dangerous

impediment in the river. From here it is a mile to the end of the carry.

Canoes may take to the water again at the "putting-in place," but the stream below is dangerous, and there are three places where one has to lift over. Around one of them, the Arches, one must carry for thirty or forty rods on either bank. It is safer and more expeditious to carry over the whole three miles of road, than to attempt to run the river below the "putting-in place." A brook, the outlet of Carry Pond, empties into the river at the last-named point; the path to the latter crosses it twice after leaving the main road.

Once fairly embarked below the carry, one glides easily down stream through rapid water, lifting over one rocky pitch, and at the end of two and a half miles or more reaches Gulliver Pitch or Ambajemackomus Falls. The carry is about one hundred rods long, and begins at the foot of a steep descent in the river-bed, in a very rocky bend on the right.

Below Gulliver Pitch begins the dread "horse-race," which extends for nearly two miles, to within half a mile of dead water. The river is impetuous, and its bed ledgy, — refusing setting-pole hold. On all sides are dangerous rocks to be avoided, which call forth the canoe-man's skill, and put his nerve to the test. With care, however, one can run these rapids in safety, and will soon find himself in

NESOWADNEHUNK DEAD-WATER,

one of the most attractive camping-grounds on the route. The river widens out considerably, and par-

takes of the character of a miniature lake, with a grassy "logon" on the right. It is a mile and a half to its lower end, where one gets a very fine view of Ktaadn to the east, and a pretty but less pretentious picture to the west.

A good path follows the river on the right bank, as far as the dead-water. There is a good spring on the same side, at the foot of the "horse-race."

Leaving Ne-sow-adne-hunk (otherwise spelled Sourd-nahunk) Dead-Water, a short run brings one to the carry of the same name, on the left. Care should be taken not to overlook and run past it, as the stream immediately beyond looks smooth, and a canoe once in the current might easily be swept along and over the falls (five feet), with serious consequences. Just below the carry, which is less than thirty rods long, and on the same side, is a good spring. Half a mile below the falls is the mouth of Nesowadnehunk Stream, below which for two miles one finds good canoeing, through "dead" water, to the mouths of Aboljackarmégas, and Aboljackarmegássic, or Sandy Stream. At this point parties usually camp who intend to make the

ASCENT OF MOUNT KTAADN.

From a short distance up Sandy Stream—the more easterly brook—the path runs four or five miles over intervening ridges to the base of the mountain; the ascent thence continues up the slide on the southwest side of the mountain. It is perhaps less fatiguing to leave one's camp on the river bank early in the afternoon, with blankets, axe, and enough food for two

days, — as light a load as possible, — and camp that night at the foot of the slide, or at the brook about a mile from it. With an early start the next morning, one can in three hours climb up the slide (at an angle of nearly forty degrees) to the broad table-land, near the top of the mountain, — about three miles.

Here will be found, under and at the sides of several large rocks, springs or pools of water, cool, but of indifferent taste. There is said to be another and better spring part way up the slide, and to the east of it. As one ascends the mountain, vegetation becomes stunted, and disappears almost altogether just before the table-land is reached. A thick bed of dry moss covers the table-land, and a few dead and snarly roots scattered over it furnish scanty fuel to those who wish to make a cup of tea, or to warm themselves. The summit of the mountain is about a mile east of the springs, and the ascent to it is gradual and easy. A flat surface of not more than twenty feet in diameter forms the western peak. To the west of it lies the table-land. On the east, perhaps a quarter of a mile, is another peak, said to be ten feet lower than the first. Between the two is a ridge so narrow, that *one step* towards the north would send one into eternity over a sheer precipice hundreds of feet high. On the south side, the mountain, although not so precipitous, is exceedingly steep, and a misstep might result in as certain, though not so quick, a death. When the wind blows with any considerable force, one can cross from peak to peak only by creeping. From the eastern peak a spur of the mountain runs northeast for some distance, and has apparently the same general characteristics as the ridge just

described. It is known as Pamola, named after the dread Indian deity formerly supposed by the natives to dwell on the mountain. Surrounded by these walls and on the west by a continuation of the main body of the mountain which extends north from the table-land, is a deep basin which contains several small ponds, the water from one of which oozes through the granite boulders, for some distance out of sight, until it gushes forth as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. This pond for a long time was vulgarly supposed to be practically fathomless, but, like many other "good stories," its fabled depth has been reduced by actual measurement to its just proportions, 17 feet.* This Basin Pond is, according to Prof. Hamlin, 2,287 feet below the summit of West Peak, the altitude of which above sea-level is, according to Prof. Fernald, 5,248 feet, latitude $45^{\circ} 53' 40''$, longitude $68^{\circ} 54' 50''$.

On a clear day, it is said, one can see from the top of Ktaadn several hundred distinct and separate pieces of water. Millinokett Lake and Ktaadn Pond are perhaps the prettiest bodies of water near at hand.

Parties who go up the mountain should be provided with extra warm clothing, as the change of temperature from below is apt to be very marked, and sometimes severe. At other times, however, the sun seems hotter on top than at the bottom of the mountain, but this is very exceptional. Ladies have climbed Ktaadn, but only the strongest can do it.

* See "Observations upon the Physical Geography and Geology of Mt. Ktaadn," &c., by C. E. Hamlin, Cambridge. Printed for the Museum, June, 1881. Also "Routes to Ktaadn," by same author in *Appalachia* for December, 1881.

From the summit to the foot of the slide one can descend in an hour and a half, and from the latter point to the river in two hours and a half more. The Basin may be reached by way of the "saddle," north of the table-land.

There is fishing at the mouth of Abol. and Sandy Streams, — for eels as well as for trout.

Half a mile below Abol. Stream one comes to Abol. Falls, and a mile beyond to Pockwockamus Falls. Between the two Abol. Dead-Water extends for three-quarters of a mile. At each fall the carry is on the right, the upper one being fifteen rods and the lower three times as long. Pockwockamus Dead-Water, below the falls of the same name, is narrow, crooked, three miles long, and contains two or three islands. From it, as well as from various other points on the river below it, good views are obtained of Ktaadn, which slowly recedes, and whose outlines gradually grow more dim. Below Pockwockamus Dead-Water are Katepskonegan, or Debsconeak Falls, around which the carry runs on the right for somewhat less than half a mile. Then comes Katepskonegan Lake, which contains several islands, and, inclusive of the narrower parts of the river above and below it, is nearly four miles long. At its foot are Passamagamock Falls, which may be run on the setting-pole, or the carry on the left can be used. Above and below them ponds empty into the river through streams navigable by canoes. Two miles intervene between Passamagamock Falls and Ambajejus Falls, which can also be run, at low water. In high water, however, it is dangerous for heavy-laden canoes to attempt passage. The carry

lies on the left, and is about half a mile long. Half a mile below the falls the river opens out into Ambajejus Lake, a pretty sheet of water some four miles long. It is in two parts, connected by a thoroughfare, the lower part being much the larger.

A narrow passage divides Ambajejus Lake from Pamedomcook Lake, quite a large body of water, only one end of which is crossed in going down the river.

Two miles or more lead one into another passage between Pamedomcook and North Twin Lakes. The shores here are cut up into a succession of bays and coves, which are so confusing that it is hard to tell when one is not going amiss.

Four miles through North Twin Lake, and two miles down the river, bring one to the dam, where at a house on the bank one can obtain a good meal.

From the North Twin dam passing through Quakish Lake one mile, and through a mile of rapid water below it, one comes to Fowler's Carry. This is two miles long, and at the other end of it a team can be obtained to haul canoe and luggage across to Millinokett Stream. A mile of easy canoeing down this stream takes one into Shad Pond, the last "bulge" of any consequence on the river. Twelve miles of rapid water, accomplished in three hours, bring one to the mouth of the East Branch, whence it is twelve miles more to Mattawamkeag, where one takes the cars for Bangor.

By making the carry at Fowler's, one avoids twelve miles of very rapid water, and saves much time and labor. Grand Falls, on this part of the river, is about

twelve or fifteen feet high, and can be visited most easily by paddling through Shad Pond and up the river for a mile and a half.

To the lover of scenery, the tour down the West Branch offers perhaps more attractions than any other in that part of Maine. There are, to be sure, many carries to make, but the wildness of the river, the picturesqueness of the lakes within easy access of it, and the grandeur of Mount Ktaadn, which continually discovers some new feature, together form a combination of enjoyments seldom to be found.

RÉSUMÉ.

Chesuncook Lake to Dam	17m.
Dam to Ripogenus Carry	2¾m.
Ripogenus Carry	3m.
Ripogenus Carry to Ambajemackomus Carry .	2½m.
Ambajemackomus Carry to Abol. Stream . .	6½m.
Abol. Stream to Ambajejus Falls	11m.
Ambajejus Falls to North Twin Dam . . .	14m.
North Twin Dam to Shad Pond	5m.
Shad Pond to Mattawamkeag	25m.

A great deal of interest has been manifested of late upon the subject of the Indian nomenclature of falls and lakes which occur in the course of the Penobscot River, and of mountains which rise near its banks. In the first place, as to the relative position of a fall and "dead-water" of the same name, Thoreau says, "This is generally the order of names as you ascend the river. First, the lake, or, if there is no expansion, the dead-water; then the falls; then the stream emptying into the lake, or river above, all of the same name."* This

* The Maine Woods, p. 46.

rule, or rather fact, seems, from the testimony of many of the Penobscot Indians, to hold good as far as Abol-jackarmégas Falls, although John Pennowit, one of the oldest hunters of the tribe, has told the writer that they had no distinctive names for most of the "dead-waters" referred to, and consequently they can have no order of designating them. Above Abol. Falls the so-called rule, by the same testimony seems to fail, for Nesowadnehunk Stream empties into the river *below* the falls of the same name, while the "dead-water" of that name is *above* the falls.

"The biggest mountain" near the Penobscot is pronounced by the Indians as if written "Ktaadn" (from the inseparable adjectival *ketté* or *k't*, "greatest," and the inseparable generic, *adene*, "mountain"), and this spelling has been adopted by the best authorities as more nearly correct than the form "Katahdin." For "Sourdnahunk" the writer has substituted "Nesowadnehunk," as agreeing more nearly with the Indian pronunciation. The latter spelling is used by Thoreau, and as the word is said to mean "stream flowing between the mountains," one can detect the generic *adene* better in the latter form than in the other, which consideration alone might well determine one's choice.

One of the first forms, if not the very first published, of the Indian name for the West Branch of the Penobscot at Nickatow is given by Greenleaf as "Che-too-kook" or "Che-sun-kook." The form given the writer by John Pennowit is "Ket-tegwé-wick," from *ketté*, "greatest," *tegwé*, "stream" (*Râle*), and *wick*, a form of the locative, "at the greatest stream."

The writer hopes in some future edition to give a

more detailed account of the Indian names of places in that part of Maine covered by this little book, among which will be many never heretofore published. For the present he can only express the wish that tourists will use as much as possible the ancient or Indian names, and thus help to reinstate them in place of the modern ones, which in many cases have neither force nor meaning.

JO MERRY LAKES.

There are three lakes in this chain, — West, South, and Big Jo Merry. The first, or West Jo Merry, lies southwest of the others, and is over half a mile from South Jo Merry. Canoes have to be carried across from one to the other. Between South and Big Jo Merry there is a thoroughfare of forty rods or more in length. At times the water in it is substantially “dead,” — at others, quick.

From Big Jo Merry to Pamedomcook Lake is a mile and a half or more, by the stream, which is partly navigable by canoes. A good road runs from one lake to the other near the stream.

NAHMAKANTA LAKE

is most easily reached from Pamedomcook Lake. The stream which connects the two is about seven or eight miles long, and for two or three miles is navigable. Canoes and luggage will have to be carried about four miles over the old carry-road, on the north side of the stream. The lake is a very attractive sheet of water some four miles long, and into its northern end flow two streams. The more easterly comes from



MILLINOKETT LAKE.

RAINBOW LAKE,

and is four miles long. Its water is "dead" for about a mile and a half from the mouth, up to a dam. Above this point the stream is shallow, but the monotony is broken by several small ponds, which lessen one's labor considerably. A good road runs up the east side of the brook, and it may be advisable, if the water is low, to carry from the head of dead-water to the lake. If one follows up for two miles the other brook which empties into Nahmakanta Lake, one comes into Pollywog Pond, whence it is one-third of a mile to Wadleigh Pond, the connecting stream being very rapid. A road runs from Nahmakanta Lake across the southern slope of Suntabunt Mt. to Wadleigh Pond.

MILLINOKETT LAKE

is most easily reached from Ambajejus Lake, by a short carry which begins at the head of a grassy cove. The lake is very picturesque, and is studded with pretty islands, which, in combination with the glorious views of Ktaadn and surrounding mountains, make it a very attractive spot for artists. No trout are in its waters, and the brook which is its outlet is about twelve miles long and unnavigable.

NORTHWEST CARRY.

Carry Brook, a small stream in which abound sunken logs, stumps, and snags, empties into the northwest arm of Moosehead Lake, in its upper left-hand corner,

and to the left of Ferd. Lane's clearing. Paddling up this brook for nearly a mile, to the head of navigation, one comes to a landing on the left bank, from which one reaches, a few yards distant, the direct road from Lane's to Seeboomook Meadows. This road runs northwest, and for some distance covers the same ground as the Old Canada Road, which leads from Lane's to Canada Falls, and beyond to Canada.

From the landing to the meadows is a long mile and a half, the road being good, except after a rain, when the walking is soft. Some one promptly appears at the landing with a horse and sled, if previously asked to do so, and hauls canoe and luggage across the carry, charging from a dollar and a half to two dollars per load.

Seeboomook Meadows consist of a small tract of ground lying near the West Branch, and the pond which covers a part of it, from a quarter to three eighths of a mile in diameter, is connected with the river by a shallow and narrow stream flowing northeasterly for a quarter of a mile from its east side.

WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.—SEEBOOMOOK FALLS.

This part of the river is pretty difficult of navigation, and parties find it easier and shorter to be hauled across the Northeast and Northwest Carries, and to paddle over the lake between them, than to attempt to accomplish the same distance on the river. A visit, however, to Seeboomook Falls is quite worth while, if one has the time.

Just below the foot of Seeboomook Island are the first

falls, past which, on the left, one must carry for an eighth of a mile. One mile and a half of good canoeing follow, — good except in one place, the Dam Pitch, where one must lift one's craft over. Then come the long falls. At high water one must carry at least three quarters of a mile, in low water nearly double that distance, the path being on the right. Some three miles below the rapids is the mouth of Russell stream, and from there to the Northeast Carry, or Morris farm, is two miles more. Seeboomook Falls is a wild and dangerous place, and the dread of log-drivers on the Upper Penobscot.

RUSSELL STREAM

is rather small, and for five miles out of six and a half to the pond, rapid ; but a canoe can be worked up its channel slowly. Above the pond the stream is "dead," and crooked, for some miles. Russell Pond used to be good moose and caribou ground.

ELM STREAM.

A small island marks the mouth of Elm Stream, just above the lower Seeboomook Falls. For twelve miles, up to Elm Pond, the brook is substantially dead water, but, being choked in many places by logs and trees, is practically unnavigable.

WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT, GOING UP FROM NORTHWEST CARRY.

Opposite the mouth of Seeboomook Stream, on Seeboomook Island, is a good camp-ground. The river here is black and deep, a character it maintains for

some seven miles above, as far as Swan's farm, and is in places very picturesque.

A half-mile brings one to the head of the island, above which the river widens considerably, and after another mile and a half Nelhudus Stream is reached. This brook has two mouths, one natural and the other artificial, and is navigable for some distance. Good fishing is to be had, late in the summer, in pools here and there among its windings.

From the opposite or right bank of the river, just below Nelhudus, a good tote-road leads into the Old Canada Road, — it being about six miles from the river to Lane's.

From Nelhudus five miles of paddling, past picturesque Camp Pocahontas and around several sharp bends in the river, bring one to Swan's farm, on the left. On the high bank, along which at the west end of the clearing leads the path to Swan's "shanty," is a convenient camping-ground, without, however, a very bountiful supply of good fire-wood.

Above Swan's the river for half a mile is shallow and the current strong, rendering it necessary, in low water, to wade and to drag canoes. At the end of this half-mile is the first or lowest pitch of Gulliver Falls, between which and the next pitch — a few rods — Gulliver Stream empties into the river on the right. The second pitch is at the foot of a small island, going to the left of which one soon passes up over the third pitch, — the head of the rapids. In moderately high water two men can take a loaded canoe up over these rapids without much difficulty; but in low water resort must be had to the dragging process.

Two miles and a half of deep "dead" water intervene between the head of Gulliver Falls and the foot of Big Island, passing up the right side of which, five eighths of a mile, to the head, one comes to open land, and to more shallow and in some places "strong" water. The passage around the left of the island is narrower, and a quarter of a mile longer.

On the left, a few rods above the island, is the mouth of a "logon," pushing up which for forty rods a pool will be found encircled by lily-pads, where small trout are abundant.

From Big Island a mile of paddling brings one to King's High Landing, where from ledges on the left there is also good fishing. From this point it is less than a mile to Knights's farm and shanty, at the forks of the North and South Branches, where the canoe-man's hard work begins in earnest.

RÉSUMÉ.

Lane's to mouth of Seeboomook Brook	3m.
Mouth of Seeboomook Brook to Nelhudus Stream	2m.
Nelhudus Stream to Swan's Shanty	5m.
Swan's Shanty to head of Gulliver Falls	$\frac{3}{4}$ m.
Gulliver Falls to head of Big Island	$3\frac{1}{4}$ m.
Big Island to Knights's, — the Forks	2m.

It takes from five to six hours to go from Lane's across the carry, and up the river as far as Swan's, and from four to five hours from Swan's to the forks. In low water it may take the better part of a day to accomplish the latter distance.

SOUTH BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

Leaving the forks, and ascending the South Branch (much narrower than the main river), a mile and a half of swift water over a bed of rocks, in places so thickly strewn as to render the passage of a canoe almost impossible, bring one to the foot of Canada Falls. More or less wading will be found unavoidable over this stretch, except in high water, the worst part being immediately below the falls. The river here makes a very marked bend, having flowed for two miles and a half in almost a semicircle northwards, and then sweeping off at a sharp angle towards the east. Canada Falls consists of a succession of deep, narrow gorges, down and through which the water froths and roars. This part of the river is well worth seeing ; but to take through it a loaded canoe, by alternate dragging and carrying, will require the better part of a long day. It takes much less time to make the long carry — a mile and a half — over the Old Canada Road, which leaves the foot of the falls, runs up the steep bank, then southwest by south, and at the end of three eighths of a mile turns sharply to the right. A mile and a half over a good road, hard and dry except in one place, is a pleasant substitute for an all-day's journey along and through the river. Put in at a dam at the head of the falls, and after a long half-mile through a very rocky stream, and past one "pitch" where the "painter," or leading-rope, will be needed, another dam marks the place where smooth and deep water finally becomes a reality.

On the left bank just above the foot of the falls, and again just above the head of the falls, cold-water brooks will be found.

From the upper and larger dam it is half a mile to Bog Brook. Until well away from the dam, look out for large rocks just under water.

Passing by Bog Brook, which seems to be the sluggish outlet of a small bog about a quarter of a mile from the river, one paddles two miles, — the latter of which is around an ox-bow, — and bending sharply to the west, comes to the mouth of Alder Brook. Up the river, about a mile from here, is the mouth of Hale Brook, opposite which is a flat ledge projecting half-way across the stream, and below the ledge a deep pool, where trout of medium size abound. A good campground lies just over this ledge. It affords plenty of hard wood and good water, and the hunting-grounds of Alder Brook are conveniently near it. A “logon,” a few rods up the river on the same side, is a favorite feeding-ground for ducks. A logging-camp back of the “logon” will afford dingy shelter to parties not provided with a tent, and cool brook-water is near at hand. A good road runs back from this camp to the Old Canada Road, which it joins about a mile from the river.

A few rods above Hale Brook the character of the river banks changes, from a densely wooded to an open grassy elm-land, which character they maintain for a mile and a half. The sportsman’s course is generally west; and two miles from Hale Brook, the water begins to be shallow in places, over which wading and dragging may be necessary. A mile and a quar-

ter of this sort of navigation gives place to a mile of shallow, rock-strewn, "dead" water separated into two stretches by a short interval of quick water, and then for two miles more follow a succession of pools alternating with gravel- and sand-bars, when the mouth of Penobscot Brook is reached. This small stream, about five feet wide, flows out of Penobscot Lake, several miles through swampy ground, is choked up with fallen trees, and is entirely unnavigable. Its volume of water is about one fourth that of Bald Brook, which properly is the Penobscot, and should so be called.

Above this point canoeing is out of the question, excepting, perhaps, immediately after a very heavy rain, when, by dint of energetic poling, a canoe might ascend this boulder-strewn stream to a piece of "dead" water and alder ground, a mile or more above the junction of the two brooks. A tote-road, however, follows the stream, on its right bank, beginning three miles or more below Penobscot Brook, and becomes quite good a short distance above it. It crosses several ridges, and passes three decayed logging-camps, until, bearing off to the south, to the west of Bald Mountain, it finally joins the Canada Road in Sandy Bay township.

Penobscot Lake is best reached by taking to the Old Canada Road, and carrying canoe and load over it, from some point on the river near the road. The road, be it said, above the old camp near Hale Brook, has not been much used of late years, and is therefore "grown up" in places.

RÉSUMÉ.

Forks of North and South Branches to Canada Falls .	1½m.
Foot of Canada Falls to Upper Dam	2m.
Upper Dam to Penobscot Brook	10m.

It takes about five hours to go from the Forks to the upper dam, and from six to seven hours more to the mouth of Penobscot Brook.

ALDER BROOK,

twenty years ago a favorite feeding-ground for moose, runs through a stretch of country for the most part open and flat, and affording the best opportunity in the neighborhood for "still-hunting." Long grass covers its banks, with plenty of alder-bushes and some scrubby willows interspersed. For about two miles a canoe can run up the stream with ease, the general direction being south, and, beyond that point, west. The writer, on his only visit to this brook, in 1878, found a new beaver-dam about two miles from its mouth, which so raised the water as to render the passage very good for nearly a mile and a half further. The water above the dam was so deep, however, that he does not hesitate to express an opinion that very little difficulty in ascending the stream would be met by the canoe-man, even in the absence of such a dam. Good camping-ground will be found on the right, just below a short piece of shallow water, over which the canoe must be carried. Above these "rips" the stream is deep again for a mile, followed by a mile of shallow and deep places alternating. An old "landing" is at the foot of the quick water, which now appears in earnest,

and here the canoe must stop, unless the brook should be high. The bed of the stream above this point is very rocky, and continues so for a mile and a half to an old dam. On the right a road leads up the stream, at the landing blindly to be sure, but above the dam it opens out and affords good walking up to, and beyond, a ridge which runs north to the pond. The brook above the dam appears to be dead for about two miles and a half, its course being nearly east. It comes from the pond southerly, three quarters of a mile, to the point where the road crosses it; the latter goes a quarter of a mile further before it reaches the ridge spoken of above. Along the top of this ridge is a good path. The water of the pond is not cold, and the locality seems to promise little, either for fish or for game. Bald Mountain lies four or five miles southwest.

This excursion, from the mouth of the brook to the pond and back, can be made comfortably in one day.

NORTH BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

The ascent of this stream is difficult and slow, at and from its very junction with the South Branch. Wide and shallow, it flows over bars of gravel and sand, which lie a few rods apart and separate stretches of deceptively smooth water. Large rocks strewn thickly over the bottom make it difficult to find a channel for even a lightly laden canoe.

From the forks to Big Lane Brook, on the left, is about a mile and a half; thence three quarters of a mile to Leadbetter Brook on the same side; thence

three quarters of a mile to an old camp (Spencer's) on the right, and from there to Leadbetter Falls, about three quarters of a mile further, — or nearly four miles in all.

Leadbetter Falls consists of several short pitches, over which a canoe can be pulled up or let down by the "painter" without much trouble, except, perhaps, in high water, when they can be run, coming down, on the paddle. The carry is only a few rods long, and lies on the right, going up. The tote-road follows the river here, and as far up as High Landing, two miles above, where one branch leaves it and runs north and northeast, until it again nears it within three miles of the foot of Abacotnetic Bog. The other branch follows the stream up to the mouth of Dole Brook.

The river immediately above the falls is somewhat deeper, and navigation a trifle easier. Three and a half miles from the falls one comes opposite West Green Mountain, pleasing glimpses of which are had from time to time, from below. There are now more stretches of dead water, and the stream grows perceptibly narrower. Up to this point it has seemed shut in, as it were, and its banks have been lined for the most part with soft-wood ridges. Now, however, the country grows more open, and hard wood predominates, while the rocky character of the river-bed changes for several miles to that of sand and gravel.

A few minutes' walk brings one in sight of East Green Mountain, a half-mile higher up the stream, which at its base winds abruptly from the west, and the canoe-man's course tends more northwesterly. Following,

for a mile, a ridge which descends from the western mountain northerly, one comes to an island half a mile long, on the left side of which, going up, will be found the better channel. From the head of the island it is about a mile to the mouth of Dole Brook, fifty rods below which, in a deep pool, good fishing will be found.

Three miles more bring one to the mouth of Norris Brook, from which to the foot of the Alder Ground is about nine miles. Abacotnetic "Lake" is a narrow sheet of water with boggy shores, and is about a mile long. Of its sluggish character and appearance the stream partakes for four or five miles below the outlet. From the end of the dead-water, however, to the mouth of Dole Brook, there is hardly any water at all, and, difficult of passage as are the ten miles below Dole Brook, the navigation immediately above it is still more difficult and almost impossible. Indeed, it is only after a hard and continuous rain of a day or two, or during a wet season, that the ascent of the North Branch is accomplished at all, and that too by hard pushing.

In the absence of high water, wading, and dragging of canoes will be the order of the day, with scarcely any intermission, — a process tiresome to the voyager, and ruinous to the canoe.

Except in the pool already mentioned, and possibly in some others nearer Green Mountains, and in one a mile below them, there is little fishing in this stream. Caribou and deer abound just below Dole Brook, and caribou are plenty around Abacotnetic Bog.

The road from the Forks to the bog, after leaving High Landing, runs a mile and a quarter to Spencer's camp of 1878-9; thence five and a half miles to Trues-

dell and Hildreth's camp (1878-9), which is at the east end of a shallow pond, about a mile and a half from the mouth of Norris Brook. It soon descends a steep hill, crosses a cedar swamp, and runs over another long hill, a mile from the foot of which is Spencer's camp of 1877-8, partly burnt. The road goes to the left of the camp, northwest, towards the stream, which is about a quarter of a mile away. From this camp it is two miles to the end of the carry to St. John Pond, and two miles more to the head of the bog, the road skirting around it at some distance from the water, to avoid soft ground.

RÉSUMÉ.

Forks to Leadbetter Falls	4m.
Falls to Dole Brook	6m.
Dole Brook to Norris Brook	3m.
Norris Brook to Alder Ground	9m.
Alder Ground to Head of Bog	5m.

Ordinarily it will take two days to go from the Forks to Dole Brook. Beyond that point it is impossible to give an estimate of time. It might take a day to reach the bog, or it might take a week.

DOLE BROOK,

or Middle Branch, will be found generally impracticable of navigation, and, aside from the falls, of little interest, either by way of scenery or promise of game. The main fall is about a mile and a half from the mouth of the brook. The water here trickles down the rock about ten or twelve feet. An eighth of a mile above, there is quite a long ledge, which slopes from the left

bank to the centre of the stream, and forms its bed in times of freshets. It is worn into all sorts of basins and fissures and odd shapes, by the action of the water.

At high water, that part of the stream above the falls will not present many obstacles to the canoe-man, and is chiefly used, at such seasons, either by lumbermen or smugglers. A tote-road runs from the mouth of the brook, on the north side, to Canada. It is as a whole quite good, lying through groves of soft wood, "burnt-slash," and over hard-wood ridges. It runs pretty near the brook as far as the falls, then half-way over the "slash" nears it again, soon leaves it a second time, however, and, veering to the north, meets an old road (Lee's) from Dole Pond to the upper North Branch. Here it turns at a sharp angle, leads southwest and west, and again comes out to the stream just below Dole Pond. Plunging again into the woods, and crossing Robert Brook, one soon comes out at an old clearing. The old storehouse, the skeleton of which still remains standing on the bank of the pond, was built years ago, when lumbering was good in this region. Supplies were brought here from Canada, and grain and hay raised on the clearing during the summer, and distributed in winter to the neighboring lumbermen.

DOLE POND,

about a mile and a half long, and one mile broad in its widest part, is shallow and uninteresting, as is also Frost Pond, its counterpart, two and a half miles beyond. Between the two is an extensive "logon" frequented

by caribou. No thoroughfare connects this "logon" with Dole Pond, the stream in summer disappearing almost wholly in one place, in or beneath a bog.

RÉSUMÉ.

Mouth of Dole Brook to Falls	1½m.
Falls to Burnt Land	¾m.
Burnt Land	2m.
Burnt Land to Dam	4¼m.
Dam to Storehouse	¾m.
Storehouse to Frost Pond	3¼m.

There seem to be no fish in these ponds and streams.

LONG POND.

To the south of and emptying into Dole Pond by a small stream navigable in high water, and about two miles in length, lies Long Pond, a charming little sheet of water between two and three miles long, and varying in breadth from a half-mile to a mile. It is shut in by high wooded hills on every side, and seems to be quite deep. There is said to be good fishing in its waters.

ST. JOHN POND

is an attractive sheet of water about three miles long, and a mile or more broad. It is reached from the North Branch of the Penobscot, by an old carry two miles and forty-four rods long, which leaves that stream at an old "landing" on a rather low but steep bank. The end of the carry is about ten minutes' walk below the mouth of a small brook on the same side, and seems to follow up the course of the brook until within a

short distance of St. John Pond. Two brooks at the upper end of the pond afford good fishing. One of them is the outlet of seven small ponds, picturesquely ensconced among surrounding mountains. A canoe can penetrate almost to the first of these ponds, but the others are rather hard of access.

BAKER LAKE.

From Abacotnetic Bog, Baker Lake may be reached by two routes. The shorter route leads from a point a few rods up the brook which flows into the bog at its upper end. An old stump, some eight feet high, marks the place where the carry begins. Two miles of rather soft walking bring one to Baker *Brook*, down which a canoe can be propelled without much difficulty to Baker Bog, two miles and a half of the way being "dead" water. Between this bog-pond and Baker Lake, however, navigation is more difficult, and the water in the brook for nearly three miles "tumbles down hill," as the guides say, in a way that is discouraging.

The other route is by way of St. John Pond, whose outlet, the Woboostook or Baker *Stream*, flows eighteen miles, in an almost semicircular course, to Baker Lake. For six miles canoeing is said to be pretty good, then come about eight miles of carrying and dragging, between which and the lake are four miles of "dead" water.

The first of these routes is always preferable, because even in low water there is about one third as much carrying and dragging to be done over it as there is in the second, while in the latter some parts of the stream are

choked by logs and driftwood ; and when there is an abundance of water and good canoeing in one stream, there is also enough for as good canoeing in the other.

From Baker Lake there is "strong" water, but plenty of it, to Seven Islands, some sixty or seventy miles distant, from which place parties can be hauled across to Long Lake, on the Allagash, and come back to Moosehead by way of Chamberlain Lake and Mud Pond, or else descend the Allagash into the St. John again, thus avoiding the dangers of Black River Rapids.

Baker Lake has a good reputation for fish and game, which certainly ought to be abundant there, owing to the difficulty of reaching the place.

One day is enough in which to go from Abacotnetic Bog to Baker Lake, or two days from St. John Pond to the lake, and from that point Seven Islands may be reached in less than two days.

CAUCOMGOMOC LAKE

empties its waters through a stream of the same name, about twelve miles long, into Chesuncook Lake. With the exception of the upper three miles of the stream and two short falls, the water is smooth and navigation unrestricted. Until within a few years this region has been little visited, but from its accessibility and picturesqueness it is fast becoming a popular resort.

Leaving Chesuncook Lake, paddling about a mile, past the mouth of the Umbazooksus and over a small "rip," brings one to a miniature pond, at the northeast corner of which, to the left of the falls, is the end of a thirty-rod carry. There are two main pitches to

these falls, some three and four feet high respectively. Putting in either at the head of the upper pitch, or further up the stream, around a bend at the foot of a very steep bank, a mile and a quarter intervene before the second fall is reached, — a single pitch of seven feet. Brandy Brook, between these two falls, furnishes good fishing after the first of September.

From the upper falls to Black Pond is a mile and a half, and across the pond a mile and a quarter more. Thus far the water is deep and black, and the river banks pretty wide apart. Beyond Black Pond the banks converge, the water is clearer, and a current is appreciable. For three and a half miles, past Little Scott Brook, no obstructions exist. At its mouth, and in the river above, trout may be taken in a number of places. Half a mile above this brook "rips" appear, two or three rods long, and here passengers will have to walk, and, in low water, carry canoes and baggage. At the foot of the bank, around the bend, is another good trout-hole.

Half a mile more brings one to the foot of the "horse-race," two and a half miles long, up which a canoe with a light load may be poled or dragged, without great difficulty, unless the water is very high or very low. There is only one place to be lifted over.

A good road runs from opposite Murphy's on Chesuncook Lake, up the Caucomgomoc River, touching it at the second falls, and again about three miles from Caucomgomoc Lake. The last two and a half miles of this road are excellent, being on high ground, and dry. Fishing may be had in a pool just below the outlet of the lake.

The lake is one of the prettiest spots in Maine. It is about seven miles long, and three miles broad at its widest part, is of irregular shape, and has several small islands at its upper end. A charming camping-ground will be found on either side of a small point of land, which juts out from the west shore, some five miles from the outlet. On the north and south sides of the point are long stretches of sand-beach, back of which is good level camping-ground and plenty of wood, and on the north an icy cold brook. From the south side the view is fine, taking in a wide expanse of blue water. On the north, the lake narrows considerably and the view is much more limited, being broken by pretty islands, and overshadowed, as it were, by forest-clad mountains on the west,—a decided contrast with the other view.

The shores of the lake are in many places rocky and covered with cedars, and, excepting at the upper end, offer few good camping-places.

AVERY BROOK

empties into the head of Caucomgomoc Lake, to the west of a broad piece of meadow-land and “logon.” It comes from a small pond of the same name about a mile and a quarter distant, and varies in width from ten to thirty feet. For half a mile it is deep enough for a canoe, but for the rest of the way quite shallow, and will give abundant opportunity to wade, and perhaps to make two or three short carries over its bed. The pond is quite small and almost completely overgrown with sedge-grass and lilies, but contains an inexhausti-

ble supply of small trout, which rise freely in the morning and evening. Good fishing may also be had at the mouth of Avery Brook.

LOON LAKE

is even prettier than its neighbor, but much more difficult of access. It is quite deep, and some three miles long by from one to two miles broad. Its outlet into Caucomgomoc Lake is a shallow and rocky stream about four miles long, hard to navigate even at high water. A good road runs along the south bank, beginning at the head of the dead-water (a half-mile from the mouth of the stream). It soon passes an old logging camp, crosses the brook three quarters of a mile above it, and runs direct to the lower end of the lake, some two miles further.

HURD PONDS

are connected with Loon Lake by narrow and unnavigable brooks a few rods long. The lower pond is quite pretty, but the second one is shallow, and its shores dreary and uninviting.

ROUND POND.

On the other side of Caucomgomoc Lake, and connected with it by a deep stream three miles long, and rocky only at its mouth, is Round Pond (called the "Sis," abbreviated from Caucomgomocsis or Little Caucomgomoc), a body of water a mile and a half

long by one mile wide Good camping-ground will be found on the northwest side of the pond at the foot of a hard-wood ridge, or on the northeast side. Good fishing may be had in a spring hole near the mouth of a small brook on this latter side, or at the mouth of, and in, Poland Brook.

DAGGETT POND

is connected with Round Pond by a small stream a mile and a half long, through which at high water a canoe can easily be paddled. A beaver dam at the mouth of this stream for several years kept back enough water to answer all the purposes of the canoe-man going to Daggett Pond. This sheet of water, about a mile and a half in diameter, offers no special attractions except, perhaps, in the way of cranberries, which grow in profusion on its northwest and southwest sides.

A mile and a half intervene between Daggett Pond and Shallow Lake, the connecting stream being too small for a canoe, but furnishing good walking in its bed for three quarters of a mile, past a miniature fall, to an old dam. Above this dam a canoe can be led and carried to a second dam, and from there paddled among sharp rocks to

SHALLOW LAKE,

whose shores on nearly all its sides are swampy and covered with grass and hackmatack growth.

The lake is about two miles long and a mile and a quarter broad, and with the exception of a part, about

a mile in diameter, towards its eastern end, is only from six inches to a foot deep, and covered with lily-pads and sedge-grass. The bottom is mud unadulterated, and the waves and ripples made by the progress of a canoe will bring bubbles of gas in great quantities to the surface of the water, on all sides, even *ahead* of the canoe.

The lake lies diagonally north and south, and has two small islands at its west central end. A good road leads from its eastern extremity to Chamberlain Lake.

Black ducks are found here in great quantities, and cranberries are plenty. At the northwest end of the lake, near the outlet, there runs along the shore a natural ridge about four feet high, a sort of embankment, behind which the land falls two or three feet again.* There are no trout in Shallow Lake, but some have been taken at the mouth of Shallow Lake brook in Daggett Pond. The boggy shores of both ponds are cut up with caribou tracks

POLAND BROOK

for a quarter of a mile from its mouth is deep, this character then giving place for another quarter-mile to a succession of "rips" and shallow places, through which some wading must be done. A miniature fall of three feet marks the reappearance of smooth water, which extends up to Poland Pond. Above the falls the stream widens considerably, and on either side are hackmatack bogs covered with grass and low bushes. Lily-pads cover the water except in the middle of the stream. These features predominate for two miles.

* Probably formed by ice-pressure. See Dawson's *Acadian Geology*, 1st edition, p. 40.

The stream then resumes its old appearance, narrows a good deal, and exchanges a muddy for a sandy and rocky bottom. One mile more brings one to

POLAND POND,

a pleasing little sheet of water about three quarters of a mile long and half a mile broad. There is some swampy ground at its western end, which makes islands of two pieces of high land jutting out into the pond. A narrow channel which runs through this swamp leads over a succession of beaver dams, to quite an extensive beaver pond.

Wadleigh Brook, which empties into the northern end of the pond, is clear and cold, and at times affords good fishing.

Parties who wish to visit and explore this region can best do so by camping on Round Pond, and taking one day for Poland Pond, and one for Shallow Lake and Daggett Pond. A light load, consisting of provisions for two days, an axe, kettle, frying-pan, and blankets, can be taken from there with canoe to Allagash Lake, and a very pleasant and easy excursion made.

RÉSUMÉ.

Chesuncook Lake to Caucomgomoc Lake . . .	12m.
Caucomgomoc Lake, length	7m.
Caucomgomoc Lake to Loon Lake	4m.
Caucomgomoc Lake to Round Pond	3m.
Caucomgomoc Lake to Avery Pond	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ m.
Round Pond to Poland Pond	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
Round Pond to Shallow Lake	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.

It takes about a day to go from Chesuncook Lake to Caucomgomoc Lake. The carry around the "horse-race" can easily be made, canoe and baggage, in three hours.

ALLAGASH LAKE.

At the head of the dead-water near the mouth of Poland Brook begins the carry which leads to Allagash Lake. The path runs along a ridge of low mountains, perhaps half or one third of the way up their sides, and is three miles long and quite dry and open. From the end of the carry it is about three miles around to the mouth of Allagash Stream, a quiet, cold, narrow, and deep brook, with a sandy and rocky bottom, and navigable for several miles with comparative ease. There are no rapids, and but few "rips," for some distance from its mouth, but the current is quite strong. The stream, not having been "driven" of late years, is, higher up, somewhat choked with logs and drift wood. At and near its mouth there is good fishing.

The northeast shore of the lake is low and sandy, that on the west is rocky, and often precipitous to a height of fifty or seventy-five feet. West of the lake several mountains, the Toulbah range, appear quite strikingly; the country on the other sides, however, is flat and uninteresting.

Several small brooks empty into Allagash Lake, none of which are navigable. Good camping-ground may be found on the west side of the lake about a mile from the inflowing Allagash, beneath a precipitous wall of rock.

Parties sometimes ascend Allagash Stream to Mud and Clear Ponds, and carrying across, over an old road, one mile to Chemquasabamticook ("at the large lake stream") Lake, go down the stream of that name into Long Lake.

Chamberlain Lake may be reached by going down the Allagash. The stream is rapid for about two miles and a half, to Allagash Pond. Below the pond, half a mile or more, there is a fall. Then, for a mile, rapid and "dead" water alternate, as far as another fall, between which and the lake there is half a mile of smooth water. In places the water is quite rough, and, where carrying is necessary, the paths, having of late years been little used, are obstructed by a thick undergrowth of bushes. However, when the water is moderately high, no very great difficulty will be encountered in going either down or up the stream.

DOWN THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

The first part of this route has already been described on pages 62 and 63.

From the head of Chesuncook Lake, and mouth of Caucomgomoc Stream, it is but a fraction of a mile to the mouth of the Umbazooksus, — a stream which for four or five miles winds sluggishly, but with provoking pertinacity, through low meadow-lands which yield a yearly abundance of hay to the Chesuncook farmers. There is a cold spring on the right about a mile from the mouth of the stream. Above this stretch of "dead" water there is quick and shallow water for some two miles, or more, through which a canoe may be poled,

or led, without much difficulty, except for perhaps a quarter of a mile, where carrying may become necessary. A good road runs on the right up to Umbazookskus Lake, and during the summer season, a team and "jumper" are constantly on hand to haul canoes and luggage over to Mud Pond, at an expense of from three and a half to five dollars.

Paddling a mile across the southeast corner of the lake, one comes to the beginning of the famous Mud Pond Carry, the dread of guides, and abomination of sportsmen. This carry is two miles long, and although improved of late years, in many places has the appearance of the bed of a brook, with water and mud enough almost to float a canoe. Except in very dry seasons the traveller here sinks in mire up to his ankles, and without a pair of rubber boots is indeed "at sea." This hardship once over, by no means onerous if one has no heavy load to carry, the rest of the St. John trip is so comparatively easy and pleasant, that the remembrance of one's toil is soon lost, for the time, in keen enjoyment.

MUD POND,

whose name carries with it its chief characteristic, is nearly round, and about a mile wide. Lifting over a dam at its outlet, wading may again become necessary for about three-eighths of a mile down the brook, which for half a mile near its mouth broadens into a sort of "logon," where ducks congregate. A good carry leaves the dam, on the left, and leads to the head of the dead-water, three-eighths of a mile. Passing with difficulty through a confused mass of submerged stumps and floating tree-trunks, a run of two miles across

CHAMBERLAIN LAKE, OR APMOOJENEGAMOOK, "at the great cross-lake," brings one to Chamberlain farm, where the most necessary articles of camp fare are usually to be had — at a good round price.

The shores of this lake are not very attractive. Some years ago a large dam was built at its natural outlet, and the water forced back and through an artificial "cut" or canal between Telos and Webster Lakes. This enables the lumberman to take his logs down the East Branch of the Penobscot River to a home market, instead of having to go into New Brunswick. The consequent rise of water in the lake flooded its shores and killed the trees on them for several yards back. Nearly all of the withered trunks which then lined the lake have fallen, and the shores look more as Nature made them, save the drift-wood which here and there in unsightly masses helps to make impenetrable any camp-ground within. The tourist gladly passes on to the dam and lock, some three miles from the farm. Two short carries must be made past these obstacles, — on the right, — and after running through some quick water and a pleasing little lakelet, one emerges into

EAGLE LAKE, OR PONGOKWAHEMOOK.

This is a pretty and irregular sheet of water, with attractive shores, and contains two or three good-sized islands. Several brooks empty into it, which are partially navigable, and through some of which access may be had to ponds beyond. The meaning of its Indian name is said to be "Woodpecker place."

SMITH BROOK,

the outlet of Haymock Lake, empties into Eagle Lake on the east nearly opposite Pillsbury Island. It is dead-water for nearly two miles and a half from its mouth, to the head of an island, at which and above which the brook is shallow and its bed rocky. For the next half mile the water is fairly deep until within a few steps of the foot of the "carry," when it again becomes shallow. The "carry" is a good one, lies on the left, and is three-quarters of a mile long. Near its upper end there is a small water-fall. For the next half mile the canoeman may find several old beaver-dams, over which his canoe will have to be lifted, but beyond them the stream winds sluggishly through a bog for two miles and a half, from within a quarter of a mile of

HAYMOCK LAKE,

when wading becomes necessary. An old path runs from the head of the bog, on the left *bank*, up to the lake. Fair camping-grounds may be found near either end of the bog. Haymock Lake is about two and a half miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half wide, and surrounded by forests of mingled hard and soft wood. Its name is probably the latter part of the Indian word for Eagle Lake, Pongokwahemook, which by some accident or through the fancy of some ignorant white man was transferred to the tributary lake. The excursion from Eagle Lake to Haymock Lake and back can be made comfortably in one day.

Russell, Soper, Snare, and Thoroughfare Brooks are navigable for some distance, and afford good fishing

in places, one of which is off a sandy point at the head of a small "bulge" in Snare Brook. The mouth of Soper Brook, for nearly a mile, is shallow, but above the dam the stream is deep, with one exception, for more than three miles, and is bordered by much the same country as that on upper Smith Brook.

From Chamberlain Dam it is about three miles to Pillsbury Island, another mile to the mouth of Smith Brook, three miles and a half more to the Narrows, thence nearly two miles to the Thoroughfare, and two miles and a half through it to the mouth of Thoroughfare Brook.

CHURCHILL LAKE,

or "Allagaskwigamook," "at the bark-wigwam lake," is about six miles long, and three miles broad in its widest part. Into it empty, on the southwest and only a few rods apart, the Twin Brooks, the more northern of which is the outlet of Spider Lake. From the beach midway between the brooks an old and difficult "carry" leads through a stretch of "burnt land," or "second growth," up the left bank of North Twin, a mile and a quarter, to a small sedge-grown and marshy pond. In seasons of high water the canoeman can take his loaded canoe up the stream from its mouth. At other times his luggage, at least, and perhaps his canoe too, must be carried as far as the pond, across which (a quarter mile) passage is almost always sure, even if slow. Above this point the stream will generally float a loaded canoe up to the dam at its head. An old and obscure path runs to the dam (one mile) along the left *bank* of the brook, leaving the latter just above Marsh Pond.

SPIDER LAKE (ALLAGASKWIGAMOOKSIS),

a cove-indented pond, is about two miles long and a mile wide. Its water is black and deep, and teems with togue. This is the first of the chain of lakes and ponds which leads to Munsungan Lakes and the Aroostook River, over a route used for many years by hunters and fur-dealers. Some old cedar-trees on the "carries" still bear names and dates written as long ago as '49.

DOWN THE AROOSTOOK.

At the upper end of Spider Lake, behind the largest island in the lake, is the mouth of the principal brook. Fifty or sixty rods up this black and dismal stream, on the left bank, is the end of a "carry," which begins in a cedar-swamp, but soon rising on to higher and firmer ground, continues a mile and strikes the brook again just below the outlet of a small "logon." Paddling across the latter three-eighths of a mile, and sixty rods more up the brook beyond, another "carry" begins, on the left bank. The path is good, although wet, and brings one in about five minutes to a small oblong pond, half a mile in its greatest diameter, and partly surrounded by bogs and cedar-swamps. Here are the head-waters of Spider Lake; and a "carry" of a mile and a half, which runs over uneven and in some places steep ground, connects them with

ECHO LAKE,

the head-waters of the Aroostook. This little pond, about three-quarters of a mile long and three-eighths

of a mile wide, lies between several high hills, whose forest sides take up and send back the sounds made on its bosom, until oft-repeated they die away in the distance. Deep, and fed by cold brooks and springs, it would seem to be a good place for trout. Just east of the end of the "carry," in 1879, there was a comfortable hunters' cabin.

At the eastern end of the pond, on the right of the small stream which is its outlet, a path runs through a cedar swamp, about sixty rods, to a pond eighty rods long. Three-quarters of a mile beyond and southeast of this pond is another pond, or, more properly, a "bulge" in the brook, three-eighths of a mile long. Into its upper end flows another small brook, and just below its outlet is an old dam. Good dry camp-grounds can be found from time to time along the course of this stream, the forests being not so swampy as on Spider Lake waters.

From the dam just mentioned it is a mile and a half to Upper or First Munsungan Lake. An old and overgrown road runs along the right bank of the stream, in some places hardly distinguishable from the surrounding forests, and the canoe-man's only resource when the water is low, if haply this resource be left him, is to cut away a beaver-dam just above the outlet of Bulge Pond and "sluice" himself down stream on the attendant flood. The brook is quite pretty, and runs over a rocky bottom, rapid and shallow almost all the way, beneath overhanging forests of both hard and soft woods.

MUNSUNGAN LAKES.

The first of the three lakes of this name is three-quarters of a mile wide and a little less than two miles long. Emerging into its open area from the confined and forest-pent streams over which one has been laboring, the change is very acceptable. Along the southern shore of the lake runs a high ridge, from which doubtless one could get fine views of the three lakes and surrounding country.

A brook of quick and shallow water, a quarter of a mile long, connects First Lake with Second Lake. The latter is the largest of the three, and is three miles and a half long by nearly a mile wide.

A thoroughfare of shallow and "dead" water, about twenty rods long, leads into the lower or Third Lake, which in turn is of about the same dimensions as First Lake. Togue abound in these waters, and an occasional moose may still be found roaming through the forests which border on them.

MUNSUNGAN STREAM.

For about a mile below the lower lake the water is "dead." It then tumbles over a few broken ledges, past which canoes must be lifted, for some two rods. From here to its junction with the Milnokett branch, about eight miles, the brook flows over a smooth bottom, and with the exception of a mile and a half its water is "quick," and navigation easy. On the main

AROOSTOOK RIVER

there are some few rapids, but no bad places of any consequence. It is six miles from the Munsungan-

Milnokett Forks to the mouth of the Mooseleuk, a stream whose upper waters abound in long reaches of dead-water and sequestered ponds, and up which, ordinarily, the canoe-man's course will not be very difficult.

Ten miles below the mouth of Mooseleuk one comes to Painter's, the first farm on this route, where potatoes, flour, butter, and milk can be bought. Two miles below, at Botting's farm, connection may be made with the stage which runs between Oxbow Plantation and Mattawamkeag, *via* Patten. From this point it takes ordinarily about four days to paddle to Caribou. When the river is high the same distance may be made in a day and a half or two days.

Of all the river-routes for the canoe-man in Northern Maine this is the least interesting. Its chief hardships occur between Churchill and Munsungan Lakes, where a succession of "carries" and swamp-girt ponds have few redeeming features of landscape to break their monotony, while nowhere do wild gorges or picturesque waterfalls, as on the Penobscot River, reward the tourist's patient toil. On the main river, too, or on its upper waters at least, the farms are generally hidden from sight, and do not dot the forest reaches with their fresh green cultivation, as on the River St. John.

At Presque Isle or Caribou one takes cars for Woodstock, thence for Vanceboro and Bangor.

RÉSUMÉ.

Allagaskwigamook to Allagaskwigamooksis	2¾m.	1 day.
Allagaskwigamooksis to Echo Lake . .	4m.	1½ days.
Echo Lake to Third Munsungan Lake .	3m.	1½ days.

Across Third Lake	2m.	} 1 day.
Thoroughfare between Second and Third Lakes	$\frac{1}{2}$ m.	
Across Second Lake	4m.	
Thoroughfare betw. First and Second Lakes	20 rods.	
Across First Lake	$\frac{3}{4}$ m.	
First Lake to Milnokett Stream	9m.	} 1 day.
Milnokett Stream to Mooseleuk Stream	6m.	
Mooseleuk Stream to Lapompeag Stream	2m.	
Lapompeag Str. to Hayden Brook (First farm)	8m.	
Hayden Brook to Umcoleus Stream	3m.	
Umcoleus Stream to Otter Brook	1m.	} 1 day.
Otter Brook to the Oxbow	1m.	
Oxbow to Trout Brook	2m.	
Trout Brook to Houlton Brook	5m.	
Houlton Brook to St. Croix Stream	6m.	
St. Croix Stream to Scapan Stream	5m.	} 2 days.
Scapan Str. to Big Machias Str. (dead-water)	7m.	
Big Machias Stream to Little Machias Stream.	2m.	
Little Machias Stream to Gardner Brook	10m.	
Gardner Brook to Salmon Brook	6m.	
Salmon Brook to Presque Isle Stream	12m.	} 2 days.
Presque Isle Stream to Caribou	13m.	
Caribou to Little Madawaska Stream	5m.	
Little Madawaska Stream to Fort Fairfield	7m.	
Fort Fairfield to Aroostook Falls	4m.	
Aroostook Falls to St. John River.	3m.	
		127 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.

Stages leave Ashland, for Patten on Tuesdays ; for Presque Isle, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

SPIDER LAKE TO MUSQUACOOK.

At the head of a small cove at the northeast end of Spider Lake, which lies opposite a small island, begins the "carry" into Pleasant Lake. Until the autumn of 1881 this path was but a "spotted line," used almost

exclusively, in the winter, by hunters. In October of that year, however, the writer went by this route over Pleasant, Harrow, and Musquacook Lakes, down Musquacook Stream into the Allagash and St. John Rivers, and his guides "bushed out" the old tote-roads where there were any, and cut new roads where none had before existed. The "carry" first above mentioned runs northeast about a mile and a half, over level and dry ground, and comes out on

PLEASANT LAKE

just east of a small point or promontory which juts out from the south shore midway of the lake. Into this body of water, which is two miles long (less rather than more), and about a mile wide, only one brook of importance empties, — at its northeast end. This brook is said to flow through a small beaver-pond, about a mile above its mouth. Several small and picturesque islands near South Point and a group of mountains ("Peaked" Mt. and others) northeast of the pond make the landscape pretty enough to warrant the name Pleasant Lake.

Crossing towards the northwest, one enters Mud Cove, whose waters unfortunately emit a very disagreeable odor, which during unfavorable winds may prove a great annoyance to campers in the vicinity. Camping-ground, good in other respects, will be found at the head of the cove on the end of the "carry" to Harrow Lake, a few rods west of which is a brook of delicious spring-water. The "carry" into

HARROW LAKE

is a mile long, and, soon after leaving Mud Cove, runs over a very wet bog, its northern terminus being at the head of a deep bog-bound cove. On the left of the cove rises Pleasant Mt., a ridge which extends westerly for half a mile or more, and is very conspicuous from Churchill, Spider, and Pleasant Lakes. This "carry" appears to be an old tote-road, the main branch of which skirts along the eastern shore of Harrow Lake, runs up Bog Brook and around to Clear and Mud Lakes of the Musquacook group.

Harrow Lake is about two miles long and half a mile wide, except at the east end, where two opposite coves increase its width to a mile or more. Its water has a dirty yellowish appearance, and seems to contain no fish, save some large specimens of the tadpole-order. At the lower end of the pond the country is flat and boggy, and filled with forests of dead trees, many of which, having fallen, choke the outflowing stream. Good camping-ground may be found on the eastern and northeastern shores of the lake.

Paddling half a mile up the northeast cove, which soon narrows into the proportions of a brook, the canoe-man will find on the right the road heretofore mentioned, which runs towards Musquacook waters along

BOG BROOK.

The lower part of it is wet and swampy, but it soon rises on to higher ground, and at the end of a mile runs past an extensive bog which branches off northerly,

while the road continues easterly along the course of the brook. At the end of another three-quarters of a mile the lower end of a more extensive bog is reached, through which the brook flows sluggishly for nearly a mile. The "carry" from here to Fourth Lake leaves the northeastern side of the bog a few rods above its lower end, runs northeasterly, soon skirting easterly along the south edge of a wide and open bog, or "barren," then northerly again, until it reaches Fourth (Musquacook) Lake a mile below its head.

Should the tourist prefer to continue up Bog Brook, he will find near its head, on the east side, a good road which will lead him forty rods to a tiny beaver-pond, beyond which it is about half a mile over a bad road to Clear Lake, the source of the Musquacook, and a very pretty body of water. Northwest of it lies Round Mt., conspicuous from many points of the surrounding country. From the outlet of Clear Lake the old road runs along the stream past a small beaver-pond, about a mile and a half, to

MUD LAKE.

This lake is all that its name implies, — a thin coating of water over a volume of yellow mud, which in many places seriously impedes the passage of a canoe. It is otherwise quite an attractive spot, and commands a fine view of Round Mt. on the west, and the Peaked Mt. group on the south, while Triple Mt. is visible on the northeast. A small and pretty island is quite conspicuous off the eastern shore of the lake, opposite an extensive bog where cranberries grow in profusion. The Lake is crescent-shaped and somewhat over two

miles long from "horn" to "horn." The stream which is its outlet is about a quarter of a mile long, and, excepting a short stretch near its mouth, will generally be found deep enough to float a canoe.

FOURTH LAKE,

the next in the chain, is nearly if not quite three miles long and half a mile wide, lying northwest and southeast. Besides the stream from Mud Lake, three insignificant brooks empty into it, and the sameness of its shores and absence of variety in the surrounding scenery impress one unfavorably. The outlet into

THIRD, OR DONALD'S LAKE,

is a small brook which flows from the northeast end of the lake. It is about a mile long, and usually shallow enough throughout its entire length to make wading expedient, if not necessary. Donald's "Lake" lies east and west, is a mile and a quarter long and five-eighths of a mile wide, and on its western shore is the resting-place of "Dirty Donald," who for many years lived and hunted on Eagle Lake and Allagash waters. He was left at this pond, by a sturdy companion, in a feeble condition, and with only two days' provisions, and when found three weeks later he lay on his back on the floor of his little log-camp, his face looking upwards through the open chimney-place, and partly covered with a tin basin to protect it from the falling snow. Near him pieces of round-wood were found with the bark gnawed off, — sure signs of an awful death from starvation.

Paddling across from the southwest to the northwest corner of this pond, one enters the brook which leads to Second Lake. It is somewhat deeper than the last one, and about the same length, or a trifle longer.

SECOND LAKE

is a mile and a half, or more, long, and less than half as wide. At its foot is a very good log-cabin, large enough for three or four persons. Near it fishing is said to be good — probably in deep water, for togue. A brook flowing in from the west affords good feeding-ground for large game. A short thoroughfare leads into

FIRST LAKE,

the longest and narrowest of the chain. It is by some persons said to be four miles in length, but if measured would probably be found to fall short of three. At its foot are the ruins of an old dam, over which canoe and luggage must be lifted. From the left side of the dam a good road leads down the stream a short distance, and soon turns westward between two ridges, running thence ten miles to Depot Farm. A logging-camp lies further down the stream, on the same bank, some little distance from the water.

MUSQUACOOK STREAM.

For a mile and a quarter below the dam the bed of the brook is a mass of boulders, without pretence of having any channel, and bears the name of "horse-race." The canoe-man, unless his bark be "shod,"

must "carry" past this obstruction, and will probably find that the road on the left bank will be useful for the greater part if not for the whole of the distance. A mile and a quarter below the "horse-race" a good-sized brook, sometimes called the "Little Musquacook," empties into the stream from the west, and a mile below it one comes to an alder-ground and deeper, smoother water. This continues for half a mile, when the water shoals again and for two miles runs over a wider bed. Another stretch of smoother water, along which is good camping-ground, extends three quarters of a mile, after which for nearly six miles down to its mouth the stream is shallow and rapid, but ordinarily deep enough to float a loaded canoe. Robin Branch empties into the stream from the east, about seven miles from its mouth. But few good camping-grounds offer themselves along the twelve-mile course of the stream, fires having run through the forests, in 1881, on both banks, from below the alder-ground nearly to the junction with the Allagash.

"Musquacook" is from *maskwémoosi*, "birch-tree" (Râle), and *auke*, "place," — "birch-tree place."

RÉSUMÉ.

Allagaskwigamooksis Lake to Pleasant Lake	1½m.	} 1 day.
Across Pleasant Lake to Harrow Lake Carry	1½m.	
Pleasant Lake to Harrow Lake	1m.	} ½ day.
Across Harrow Lake to Mouth of Bog Brook	1¼m.	
Harrow Lake to Fourth Lake	3¼m.	1½ days.
End of Carry to Outlet of First Lake . . .	10½m.	1 day.
First Lake to Mouth of Musquacook Stream	12m.	2 days.
	31m.	6 days.

ALLAGASH AND ST. JOHN RIVERS.

From the head of Churchill Lake (Allagaskwigamook) it is about six miles to the remains of Chase Dam, which are just below a bit of quick-water at the foot of the lake. This dam was built some years ago, in order to raise the water high enough to take logs up through the Locks into Chamberlain Lake, and thence down the East Branch of the Penobscot. Such a step was rendered necessary by the action of the Province of New Brunswick, which, although bound by the treaty of 1842 to regard all logs which should come down the St. John as if they were the product of the Province, discriminated against the Yankees by levying a duty on *all* logs coming down the river, and the crown then paid a corresponding bounty on logs cut from the crown-lands. During the same season, or a later one, John Glazier and an associate, from the Province of New Brunswick, were driving logs on the lower Allagash and St. John Rivers. The overflow from Chase Dam was not sufficient to carry out their timber, and it was feared the "drive" would be "hung up." At this juncture, the story goes, a party of Glazier's men went up the river secretly, captured one of the two men in charge of the dam, and cut away the latter. The other man in charge escaped, and before he reached his party at Chamberlain Lake nearly succumbed to fatigue and hunger. It is needless to add that Glazier had all the water he wanted to carry his "drive" successfully down the river. The dam was subsequently burnt.

At the dam begins, on the left, Chase Carry, over

which it is expedient for such persons at least as are novices in the management of a canoe to carry both their canoe and luggage. They thus avoid what is considered the worst place on the River, where the stream is filled with huge boulders, between which the water madly dashes and foams, making a tortuous channel for the navigator, if channel it may be called, dangerous and difficult of passage at all times, and only to be attempted when the water is neither very high nor very low. A part of this "horse-race" has received the pet name of the "Devil's Elbow," a term applied sometimes also to a spot nearly half a mile further down the stream, where the river narrows and where in the midst of rocks and foaming water a canoe must shoot across from one side of the stream to the other, or swamp.

The carry is about three-quarters of a mile long, and pretty well filled up with fallen trees and growing bushes. Immediately below it the water is quite rough for some little distance, and one must be constantly on the alert to avoid shipwreck. This over, however, a canoe glides smoothly down the river past meadowland and grassy islands into Umsaskis Lake, — some eight or nine miles in all.

UMSASKIS LAKE

is about four miles long, and two miles wide in its broadest part. It is really but a part of Long Lake, its name (more correctly Uem-sas-kek) denoting a place where opposing points of land run out to meet each other, or more graphically described by "tied together like sausages." Among the islands near its

head is good feeding-ground for game, and until within a few years past moose could usually be found there. From the foot of Umsaskis it is about six miles to the lower end of

LONG LAKE,

which is chiefly noted for its Depot Farm. This farm was long kept by one Priestly, and later by one Johnson and his Amazonian wife, as a supply-centre for the Allagash-loggers. Here one can get flour and potatoes at the modest prices, respectively, of ten cents per pound and twenty-five cents per peck. The present proprietor is named Harvey. Through his place runs the road from Seven Islands on the main St. John River, which continues eastward past the foot of Musquacook Lakes to Ashland. From Depot Farm it is eight miles down the river to

PATAQUONGAMIS, OR ROUND POND,

the water being in places quite rapid, but easy of navigation. "Square Lake," as this body of water has often been called, is a misnomer, the adjectival part of its Indian name meaning "round." From its inlet to its outlet is about two miles, the lake extending to the right from the inlet, thus making its total length somewhat greater.

ALLAGASH RIVER.

Three miles more of paddling, partly through dead-water, bring one to the mouth of Musquacook Stream. High ridges on either bank, looking down on the

widening expanse of placid water, give a new and pleasant sensation to the *voyageur*, and the stream so lately struggling against rocky barriers seems at last to have overcome them all, and to be indeed a deep majestic river. Destructive forest-fires ran through this section of Maine in the summer of 1881, and have left very few green oases on the river-banks. When the charred remains of the noble forest-trees shall begin to fall, the scene will be desolate enough !

From the mouth of Musquacook Stream a mile and a half of dead-water bring one to some rapids, and nearly a mile more (of dead-water and current) to a rude clearing on the left, where the river narrows to half its former width. After three-quarters of a mile more of strong current, one passes, on the right, Five Finger Brook, so called from the various channels into which it separates near its mouth. Passing a small island just below the brook, four miles of strong current and "rips," with three or more "shallow" bars, bring one to other islands and a stretch of less rapid current ; another mile and a half of current and "rips," to Ben Glazier Brook on the left. Then follow a mile and a quarter of similar navigation past an island which lies near the right bank, to Ramsay's farm on the opposite side. The river makes a wide sweep to the left around this clearing, and after about two miles and a half of uneventful paddling Finley McLennan's farm is passed, on the left bank below some rapids. Here or at Moir's, a mile below on the other side, one can get provisions and plenty of good butter and delicious milk.

One of the earliest settlers on this part of the river

was one Monroe, whose name a brook and island bear. Finley McLennan has succeeded to the ownership of the Monroe farm, and his name is often given to Monroe's Island, the first of a group of nine which lie between here and Allagash Falls. The channel lies on the left of Finley's or Monroe's Island, past the mouth of McLennan's Brook. It is three miles to Allagash Falls. Several farms lie on either side of the river, owned by sons-in-law of Thomas Moir, a thrifty farmer from the Restigouche country, at whose house travellers are always sure of a cordial welcome.

From Moir's it is two miles to

ALLAGASH FALLS,

the river flowing with considerable current until just before the falls are reached, when it grows rapid. Canoes can safely run the rapids, past the upper, to the lower carry, which lies on the right and is but a few rods long. The falls are quite pretty, and consist of one broken, ragged pitch, twenty-seven feet high by actual measurement. The water as it passes over the ledge of clay-slate is dashed into foam almost as white as milk, but it soon regains its former semblance, and flows on in tranquillity, unruffled by other impediments than an occasional gravel-bar.

Canoes can usually be put into the water immediately below, but out of sight of, the falls. The water breaks over a small ledge just below here, easy of passage save where the river is quite high.

The distances on the St. John, below the mouth of the Allagash, have been measured on the ice, while

those on the Allagash (both above and below the falls), as given by the settlers on its banks, are by them said to be computed *on the town-lines*. Hence when the canoe-man is told by a "native" that it is twelve and a half miles from Allagash Falls to the mouth of the river, he may expect the distance to lengthen out to at least fourteen miles, just as the distance from Musquacook Stream to McLennan's is twelve and a half miles instead of ten.

From the falls half an hour's paddle brings one to a small island and Kobscus or Keeobscus ("near the falls") Brook on the right. Most of the shallow parts of the river will now have been passed, and a continuous current, with occasional rapids, is to be expected. Twin Brook Rapids, the worst on the river, are about seven miles below the falls, and lie between two small streams, which flow into the river from its opposite banks.

There are no farms on the Allagash below the falls, until within a mile or more of its mouth, when the river makes two sweeping bends down a perceptible incline, and mingles its waters with those of the St. John. A goodly mountain looks down upon the now broad expanse of water, and high and pretty ridges extend along either bank for some distance.

ST. JOHN RIVER, OR WOOLASTOOK.

Less than a mile below the junction of the two rivers are "Nigger" Brook Rapids, a dangerous place for inexperienced boatmen. "Nigger" Brook takes its name from the circumstance that a number of



ALLAGASH FALLS.

negroes first cut logs on it. From here it is three miles to Cross Rock and rapids of the same name; one mile more to Golen (?) Rapids; three or three and a half miles more to Rankin Rapids, and nearly two miles more to Michu Rapids. The latter are less than two miles from the mouth of the St. Francis River, which joins the St. John from the north, and with its lakes forms the boundary line between Maine on the west and Quebec and New Brunswick on the east, for a distance of thirty miles, to the foot of Boundary Lake (Pohenagamook).

UP THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER.

From its mouth it is five miles to Glaziers' Lake, three miles across the latter, three miles more to Cross Lake, eighty rods over it, and three and a half miles further to "Beau" Lake. The latter is a mile wide and five miles long, and at its head is Morrison's farm, from which it is about fifteen miles to Boundary Lake. Here there is a settlement, from which it is twenty miles, over a good road, to railway connection. This route is quite a pretty one, and does not usually present many difficulties to the canoe-man.

ST. JOHN RIVER TO FORT KENT.

From the Allagash to the mouth of the St. Francis it is twelve miles, and if at the latter point, the canoe-man should prefer a good bed indoors to a hard one under his tent, he will find it at the neat and attractive little white house of Martin Savage, which stands some distance back from the river, on the right or Maine

bank of the St. John.* Robert Connor, a successful lumberman, whose large and imposing house stands on the New Brunswick bank of the river, three miles below Savage's, is also very courteous towards tourists, and would no doubt gladly extend the hospitality of his house to tired or belated canoe-men. After leaving the Allagash one will find that good camping-ground and fire-wood grow more rare the further one proceeds down stream. Hence the foregoing bit of information.

After having passed the mouth of the St. Francis, the canoe-man will have New Brunswick on his left and Maine on his right, until he shall have passed Van Buren, and come within two and a half or three miles of Grand Falls, beyond which the St. John becomes wholly provincial.

Below Savage's, one mile, the first "rips" or rapids in the river are at Toban Bar. Five and a half or six miles more bring one to Savage's Island, then a mile and a half to Harford's Rocks, and two miles more to Winding Ledges, just above which on the left bank is the first church the tourist will see. At low water the river at Winding Ledges is quite smooth. At high water however, its boils over the three sharp ledges which jut out into the stream (one from the left bank, the other two flanking it from the right bank), and to pass successfully a canoe must keep well to the left, until just above the break at the second ledge, then shoot across deftly to the other bank, follow it down

* From this point a stage runs once a week on Mondays, at 11 A. M., to Fort Kent, thence on Tuesdays to Caribou and Houlton.

and recross just above where the water breaks over the third ledge. Six miles more beyond Winding Ledges, or sixteen miles in all from Savage's, bring one to Fort Kent, where good meals and lodging can be had, or a supply of camp-stores purchased at reasonable rates. An old block-house at the lower end of the town, near the junction of the St. John with Fish River, is well worth a visit.

FROM FORT-KENT TO EDMUNDSTON

it is nineteen miles. The first rapids are just above and opposite the mouth of Fish River, at Clare's Bar, Fish River Rapids being a short mile further down the river. Six miles below Fort Kent, Baker River flows into the St. John from the north, and several islands lie opposite and near its mouth. Three miles below it and ten miles from Edmundston is Chatacoin, where prominently on the right bank stand a large gray church and group of school-buildings. On the opposite bank is a white church with unfinished steeple. It is safe to say that all of the churches on the upper St. John are Romish.

From Chatacoin it is about three miles to Michaud's Island and Rapids, and Frenchville, from which point a road runs about four miles to the shores of Long Lake, the head of one branch of Fish River waters. At Michaud's Island the river sweeps to the left, making one of those peculiar unruffled descents over an inclined plane, often noticed by the canoe-man on the Allagash and St. John, and for several miles flows almost due north. Settlements become more numer-

ous on its banks, and the increased number of churches, mills, and well-kept dwellings, with now and then a ferry in use, indicate activity and prosperity among the French inhabitants. The only remaining quick-water to pass is at Rice's Rapids, about half a mile above Edmundston.

EDMUNDSTON

lies on both sides of the Madawaska River (Matdawas-kek, "hedge-hog place"), at its junction with the St. John. It was formerly called Little Falls, and takes its present name from Governor Sir Edmund Head, during whose administration it is said to have been incorporated as a town. It has two hotels, and is at present the terminus of the New Brunswick Railway, and as such the busy centre of the local trade. The most interesting feature of the place is the crumbling foundation of an old block-house, which picturesquely stands on an outcropping ledge of slate in a grove of young spruce-trees.

From here it is thirty-six miles to Grand Falls, twenty-two more to the mouth of Tobique River, a mile above Andover, where the New Brunswick Railway crosses the St. John, and fifty more to Woodstock. The tourist, however, will probably be ready at Edmundston to leave the river, which continues to have the same general characteristics as during the previous twenty or thirty miles, and go by cars to Grand Falls, and thence to Woodstock.

RÉSUMÉ.

Across Allagaskwigamook Lake	5m.
Chase Carry	$\frac{3}{4}$ m.
Chase Carry to Umsaskis Lake	8m.
Across Umsaskis Lake	4m.
Umsaskis Lake to Foot of Long Lake	6m.
Long Lake to Pataquongamis	8m.
Across Pataquongamis	2m.
Pataquongamis to Mouth of Musquacook Stream	3m.
Musquacook Stream to Allagash Falls	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
Allagash Falls to Mouth of Allagash River	14m.
Mouth of Allagash to St. Francis River	12m.
St. Francis River to Fort Kent	16m.
Fort Kent to Edmundston	19m.
Edmundston to Grand Falls (by rail)	36m.
	<hr/>
	149 $\frac{1}{4}$ m.

TEMISCOUATA LAKE.

At Edmundston, tourists who wish to visit the Temiscouata Lake region leave the St. John River and paddle up the Madawaska for twenty-three miles, through a succession of pools and easy rapids, the worst part of the river being that which one can see from the bridge at Edmundston. A good road follows the right bank of the stream seventy-nine miles to Rivière du Loup, and, if one prefers, canoes can be hauled up the river to any point desired. Temiscouata Lake is of irregular form, twenty-seven miles long, and averages a mile and a half to two miles in width. A few scattered farms lie on its shores, which are still covered with a generous growth of forest trees, while high ridges greet the eye in many places, and give the landscape a pleasing variety.

Fifteen miles above Edmundston, or three miles

above the boundary between Quebec and New Brunswick, opposite Griffin's, a logging-road of indifferent excellence leads four miles northeasterly into Little Mud Lake. This is the head-waters of one branch of the Touladi River, which flows in a roundabout course into Temiscouata Lake, sixteen miles from its outlet. A series of lakes and sluggish streams, it is but little higher than Temiscouata Lake, and its descent is very gradual and easy, thus offering to the canoe-man a plain course and rapid sailing.

Three-quarters of a mile across Little Mud Lake, and one enters Beardsley Brook, which flows eight miles into Squatook Stream, and thence two miles into Squatook Lake. Ten miles over this lake, and ten miles of thoroughfare, bring one to Little Squatook Lake, which is six miles long and divided into two parts, and near which rise Squatook Peak and Sugar-Loaf Mt. One mile of thoroughfare leads into Little Lake, across which it is rather more than a mile. Then follow a mile and a half of dead-water, to the junction of Squatook Stream, with the Grande Fourche, or main Touladi, and the west branch of the same. From this point it is eight miles to Touladi Lake, six miles across it, and four miles down the stream to Touladi Falls, a stretch of water almost entirely free from rapids. Canoes must be carried around the falls, and some rapid water will be found below them, in the mile which intervenes between them and Temiscouata Lake.

If one prefers, one can send one's canoe by team to Cloutier's on Temiscouata Lake opposite the mouth of the Touladi, and go up that stream to the Forks,

whence "poling" must be resorted to, in order to ascend either the West Branch, or the Grande Fourche.

Trout and whitefish are said to be very abundant in this region, and large game is frequently seen there. Birch canoes can be bought at Edmundston for ten dollars, and guides, white or Indian, can be hired at reasonable rates. The round trip from Edmundston and return can be made comfortably in a week, or, under favorable circumstances, in less time than that. Camping outfits should be procured at Edmundston.

GRAND FALLS,

an attractive little town on the St. John, two and a half or three miles east of the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, is fast becoming a favorite stopping-place for summer-travellers through the Provinces, and already has a large hotel and the other accompaniments of a growing place of resort. The chief feature of the town is, of course, the falls, where the river pitches in three successive leaps over a ledge some seventy feet or more high, and boils and hisses in its onward course down a gorge lined with precipitous walls. At the foot of the fall the water has worn away the rock to such an extent that logs fifty feet long passing over the fall disappear from sight, it is said, for several seconds, and shoot up into view again with tremendous impetus, often crushed and broken. A pretty suspension bridge spans the chasm just below the falls, and gives access to the country beyond, through which run many attractive roads.

From Grand Falls one goes by rail to Aroostook

Junction in an hour and a quarter, passing in sight of Aroostook Falls, at the mouth of the river. If obliged to wait over night for connection to Woodstock, holders of through-tickets can ride free on the cars up the Aroostook to Fort Fairfield, where there is a good hotel, and leave there the next morning for Woodstock *via* Aroostook Junction. (See Railroad time-tables among advertisements.)

EAST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

The route from Moosehead Lake to Apmoojenegamook or Chamberlain Lake has been previously described on pages 106 and 107.

At the southwest end of Apmoojenegamook Lake, at the "heel of the boot," is the natural *mouth* of a stream which now flows back into Telosmis Lake (Pataquongamis). This stream, virtually a thoroughfare, is rather wide and nearly half a mile long. Its shores and those of Telos and Telosmis Lakes are lined with the trunks and roots of dead trees. Telosmis is a mile or more wide, and somewhat longer than it is wide, and flows into Telos Lake, from which it is separated by only a narrow strip of — dead trees. A fine view of Ktaadn, the Trout Brook, and other mountains is had from these lakes.

Three miles and a half, or more, take one past and around a prominent point of land, where the lake begins to narrow, to the cut which was made some years ago to connect Telos with Webster Lake. What now seems to be the cut proper is a straight

canal, only thirty or forty rods long and twenty feet or more wide, and at its lower end is the dam, which confines and regulates the water of the Chamberlain-Telos system. When this cut was first completed, and the water allowed to go through it, the latter soon washed away the soil from the bottom of the ravine which leads down to Webster Lake, and its course now resembles that of any natural brook, being broad and rocky. Springer, in his "Forest Life and Forest Trees," says: "Originally the canal was three hundred rods long by four wide, and four feet deep; but the strong current of water flowing through, at the rate of one mile in twenty minutes, has changed the regularity of the channel to a more natural and stream-like appearance." According to the theories of geologists, the course of the waters of Telos and Apmoojenegamook, or Chamberlain, Lakes, was through this ravine before our continent was submerged, and those lakes were then very small, or did not exist at all. The ocean-currents, however, deposited so much detritus at the foot of Telos Lake, that when the country rose again, the waters were turned back, formed the two lakes just mentioned, and flowed over into Pongokwahemook, or Eagle, and Allagaskwigamook, or Churchill, Lake basins, and thence down the Allagash River into the St. John.

A canoe without load can run from the dam down to Webster Lake at almost any time in summer, but usually not without difficulty. The water is rapid and the channel tortuous. The road, a good one in the main, but soft here and there, runs on the right of the brook through the old Dwinel farm, thence along

the south shore of Webster Lake past the dam, and down the stream to Trout Brook Farm and the outlet of Matangamook Lake.

WEBSTER LAKE

is a very narrow body of water, two and a half miles long, and its shores are no better than those of the lakes above, the north shore being a series of burnt ledges, while all are lined with a confused mass of drift-wood. An abundance of small trout can usually be taken at the dam. Webster Brook is a turbulent stream, and on its course of eight or nine miles there are a great many "pitches" and much shallow water, and in ordinary summer-seasons more or less wading will have to be done and hard work undergone to accomplish its passage. Grand Falls, less than a mile from its mouth, is the highest and by all odds the finest waterfall on the entire East Branch. The main "pitch" is about twenty-five feet high, and from below one gets a striking view of the fall, and the mountains above and beyond it. A succession of pretty cascades lie below the main fall, and are worth seeing.

"Indian Carry" leads from Grand Falls three-quarters of a mile over to the main (?) East Branch, a stream much smaller than Webster Brook, and comes out on its bank about an eighth of a mile above the junction of the two streams. A good run of a little over a mile takes one past some good duck-ground into Matangamooksis, or Second Lake.

If the canoe-man's course be now towards the Aroostook River, he must toil up the main East Branch (sometimes called Thissell Brook), three-quar-

ters of a mile through rapid water to a dam, and about two miles beyond, through dead-water and past a fall, to the mouth of Bog Brook. After wading a few rods up the brook a good "carry" will be found on the left, which runs about a mile to a large beaver-dam, from which for a mile and a half a canoe can be paddled up the brook to a bog. From this point the tourist may find a "spotted line" which runs over high ground on the right, and which will lead him in two miles or more to Milnokett Pond. It is another mile and a half over the pond to the thoroughfare, a few rods through the latter, four miles and a half over Milnokett Lake to the dam and outlet, and four miles and a half more down the stream to the junction with Munsungan Stream. (See page 112.)

MATANGAMOOKSIS LAKE

is three miles long, and from its bosom the Trout Brook and Traveller Mts., which have long been hidden from the tourist's view, come again into prominence, and seem to accompany him on his journey down the river, from which circumstance the latter group take their name. Matangamook Mt., the finest and most conspicuous peak, lies west of Matangamook, or Grand Lake.

The thoroughfare between Second Lake and Grand Lake is four miles or more long, and leaves the former at the right of the rocky bluff near its foot. It flows sluggishly between grassy banks, widens here and there into broad "logons," — enticing ground for game, large and small, — and finally merges into the larger lake.

About half a mile from the head of the thoroughfare Hay Brook empties into it from the east. At its mouth the banks are high, but half a mile above they recede, and wide grassy meadows appear, which in times of high water are submerged and form a shallow "logon" several miles in extent.* Nearly three miles below Hay Brook the tote-road from Webster Lake crosses the stream over a floating bridge, around which canoes must be carried. From this point a branch-road runs a mile and a half to Trout Brook Farm, where provisions can be obtained.

Another mile of paddling takes one to

MATANGAMOOK, OR GRAND LAKE,

which is, on the whole, a more attractive body of water than those previously traversed. Its shores are in some places high and consequently more interesting, and on the tourist's right, as he enters it, lie several islets and a very pretty island of larger dimensions, from whose rocky peak a fine view is had of the lake and surrounding mountains. "Louse Island" is the pleasing name given to this spot. A mile up Trout Brook on the left is the landing of Trout Brook Farm, a farm which has been cultivated for forty or fifty years.

* A recent writer calls this a "lake," and the author cannot but feel that the former was misled in his conclusions by the unusually high state of the water at the time he visited the spot. The name "Hay" Brook would naturally suggest a brook which flowed through grassy meadow-land, from which a crop of hay might be gathered. The testimony of men who have worked for years near it would seem, however, to settle the question definitely, and they say that the water at its normal height does *not* cover the meadow.

The tote-road runs from here to Patten, thirty-four miles, crossing the floating bridge before mentioned. At the mouth of the brook fine trout may still be taken in the season.

It is three and a half miles across Matangamook Lake to the dam, and on the right, about half-way down, one passes Moose Cliff, and near the dam a rocky point which, with the water, makes a pretty foreground to the mountains beyond. Lifting over the dam one comes again into quick-water, which, however, is not hard to run. It is nearly a mile to Bill Fish Brook, on the right, where good fishing can be had; thence two miles to Webster's Landing, on a high bank on the left; thence nearly two miles more through quiet water between fine hard-wood forests to Stair Falls. This stretch of water is particularly pleasing. The stream is rather wide, and sweeps now and then to the right or left, disclosing a bit of grassy shore lined with lily-pads, and above it a fine prospect of the Traveller Mts. A few rapids are easily run just above

STAIR FALLS,

where, should the water be low, canoes must be carried, as the river-bed is filled with sharp ledges of sandstone. The "carry" is on the right bank, and is little more than an eighth of a mile long. Just below the falls there is a good spring near an old pine-stump. The falls are best appreciated from below, and show two sets of steps, over and beyond which Matangamook Mt. looms up, six miles away to the north.

Leaving Stair Falls, the river soon widens again, and in its sluggish course forms grassy "logons" on either

side almost to Haskell Rock and Pitch, two miles below. Here there are two principal "pitches" in the river, the "carry," a good one, extending along the right bank for three-quarters of a mile past both. The formation is a coarse conglomerate.

GRAND FALLS—EAST BRANCH.

Rips and quick-water intervene for a mile to Pond Pitch, where there is a short "carry" on either side, that on the left being the more commonly used, and being about two hundred yards long. Another mile of quick-water brings one to Grand Pitch and rapids below. The water here rushes over a broken ledge of grits and clay-slate some twenty feet high, and flows between two walls which extend nearly a quarter of a mile to the end of the "carry." The latter is on the left bank. Three-quarters of a mile of rapid water intervene between Grand Pitch and Hulling Machine Falls, the "carry" around the latter lying on the left bank and being about half a mile long. The river here makes a double turn, and the falls consist of a series of heavy "pitches" close together, not so high as Grand Pitch, but well worth seeing, the mountains up the stream adding much to the grace of the picture.

Smoother water occurs immediately below Hulling Machine Falls, two miles, past Bowlin Ledges to Bowlin Falls, where the river curves and flows around a rocky island and some isolated rocks. Gravel-beds predominate here, and while it is an easy stretch of water to go down, it is quite hard to go up it, on account of the current. The "carry," about a hundred yards long, lies on the right bank, but canoes can

usually run the falls, which are but a succession of "rips" and small "pitches." Bowlin Stream joins the river at the foot of Bowlin Falls. The four falls last named, Pond Pitch, Grand Pitch, Hulling Machine Falls, and Bowlin Falls, are sometimes collectively known as Grand Falls of the East Branch, to distinguish them from their namesake on Webster Brook. By at least one writer* Grand Falls is said to embrace, in addition to those just named, the others up to and including Stair Falls.

Below Bowlin Falls there is some quick-water, and a mile and a half below them Spring Brook joins the river from the west behind one of two large islands, on the left of which is the main channel of the river. Soldiers' Field Rips and Spencer Rips are passed in quick succession, followed by more quick-water. On the left are Twin Islands and Sufferers' Rock, on the latter of which an Indian squaw and her baby are said to have perished formerly. More islands follow; opposite some of them is Hathorn's High Landing, from which can be had a fine view of Spring Brook mountains, south of the Travellers. Lower down the stream, and just above a high sand-bank on the left, Swift Brook joins the river. From this point, which is about eight miles from Bowlin Falls, it is two miles to the mouth of the Seboois River (*Sipoo*, "river," and *es*, diminutive, "little river") over a stretch of dead-water which continues to Patterson's on the left bank, two miles below. From Patterson's it is a mile to the mouth of Wassataquoik Stream.

* Prof. C. H. Hitchcock. Report of the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture for 1861, p. 401.

The name Wassataquoik, or Wassa-tegwé-wick, according to the Indians, belongs properly to the main East Branch of the Penobscot from Nickatow (the "Great Forks") up to and possibly beyond the mouth of the stream which now bears the name. That the two forms are identical in meaning seems probable, although the writer understands their identity of application to be denied by one of the oldest living members of the Penobscot tribe, who insists that Wassa-tegwé-wick is the name of the main stream, while Wassataquoik is that of the smaller one. Further investigation may solve the difficulty. "Wassa-tegwé-wick" comes from *wassay*, "to take fish by torchlight" (Râle), *tegwé*, "stream" (Râle), and *wick*, a form of the locative, — "at the stream where they take fish by torchlight," or, more broadly, "at the salmon-spearing stream."

Opposite Patterson's (the old Dacey farm) the road to Mt. Ktaadn leaves the river and runs for some distance along Wassataquoik Stream. Half a mile below the mouth of the stream on the opposite bank is the Hunt farm, formerly kept by Patterson, but recently bought by S. B. Gates. It is here that visitors to Ktaadn used to cross the river and take the road opposite, to the mouth of Wassataquoik Stream, which they also had to cross.

Below the Hunt farm a mile and a half of deep but not sluggish water bring one to Crowfoot Falls, which are followed closely by Whetstone Falls. These rapids are caused by the water flowing over blocks of granite. Canoes can run the former, and usually the latter, although they may have to be "dropped" over one

bad "pitch" with the aid of the "painter." There is a good path on the right, and easy walking on the left. From Whetstone Falls to the mouth of Mud Brook, eight miles, the water is smooth and canoeing easy. Three miles more of very pretty country with a short string of rapids intervene before Grindstone Falls are reached. The "carries" are a mile long, on both the right and left banks. The falls consist of a succession of "pitches," which cover perhaps a mile or more, and in the aggregate make quite a descent. The formation along the river is strata of clay-slate, grits, and quartz tipped on edge, and very sharp and ragged, while here and there are scattered boulders of granite which add to the difficulties of navigation. However, it is possible by wading, and by letting canoes down with the "painter," to accomplish the passage at some seasons without "carrying."

From Grindstone Falls to Ledge Falls it is seven miles. Rocky Rips and Scratch Rips are passed during the first half of the distance, the river being otherwise almost entirely free from rapids.

Houses and farms now begin to appear, and grow more numerous in the three miles between Ledge Falls and Medway. These falls can be run by canoes, if care is taken to keep out of the "boil" of the water and avoid swamping.

Medway, or Nickatow, is at the junction of the two branches of the Penobscot, and it is twelve miles from there to Mattawamkeag.

Patterson calls it twenty-five miles from his house, in either direction, to Matangamook Lake or to Nickatow, — the entire distance being fifty miles.

For wildness and picturesqueness of scenery this route is equal to, or perhaps surpasses, that down the Ket-tegwé-wick or West Branch of the Penobscot, if we except the gorge on the latter below Ripogenus Lake. Its falls are on the whole much finer than those on the West Branch. It is fully as difficult as the other route, and offers many a good trout-pool, and not infrequently an opportunity to secure large game. It is a strange fact, however, that among all the mountains visible from its course Ktaadn does not once appear. Was-sataquoik and Lunksoos Mts., the latter 1,378 feet above the river, are prominent above Hunt's, on the west side of the Wassa-tegwé-wick.

It takes ordinarily four days or even less to go from Matangamooksis Lake to Nickatow.

RÉSUMÉ.

Apmoojenegamook Lake (Mouth of Mud Br.)		
to Telosmis Lake	6m.	} 1 day.
Telosmis Lake to Telos Dam	4¾m.	
Telos Cut	1m.	
Webster Lake	2½m.	
Webster Lake Dam to Indian Carry	8m.	1 day.
Indian Carry to Matangamooksis Lake	2m.	} 1 day.
Head of Mat'sis L. to Head Matangamook L.	7m.	
Across Matangamook Lake	3½m.	
Matangamook Dam to Stair Falls	5m.	} 1 day.
“ “ Bill Fish Brook	1m.	
Bill Fish Brook to Webster Landing	2m.	
Webster Landing to Stair Falls	2m.	
Stair Falls to Haskell Rock Pitch	2m.	} 1 day.
Haskell Rock Pitch “Carry”	¾m.	
“ “ to Bowlin Falls	5m.	
“ “ to Pond Pitch	1m.	
Pond Pitch to Grand Pitch	1m.	} 1 day.
Grand Pitch to Hulling Machine Falls	1m.	
Hulling Machine Falls to Bowlin Falls	2m.	

Bowlin Falls to Seboois River	10m.	} 1 day
" " to Swift Brook	1½m. +	
Swift Brook to Seboois River	8m. +	
Seboois River to Patterson's	2m.	
Patterson's to Wassataquoik Stream	1m.	
Wassataquoik Stream to Hunt Farm (Gates's)	½m.	
Hunt Farm to Crowfoot and Whetstone Falls	1½m.	} ½ day.
Whetstone Falls to Mud Brook	8m.	
Mud Brook to Grindstone Falls	3m.	
Grindstone Falls "Carry"	1m.	
Grindstone Falls "Carry" to Ledge Falls	7m.	
Ledge Falls to Nickatow	3m.	
<hr/>		84½m.

KATAHDIN IRON-WORKS.

This township is northwest of Brownville, and the focus of the mining operations carried on in it is on Ore Mt. and at a small pond a mile east of it, whose Indian name, or rather that of the West Branch of Pleasant River, which flows through it, is by Greenleaf* given as *Mun'-olam'mon-un'gun*, "very fine paint, or place where it is found, or great quantity of it." From a recent christening this pond is called "Silver Lake," and it is about 604 feet above sea-level. At its outlet are the blast-furnace and charcoal-kilns of the Katahdin Iron Company, while on the opposite or west side of the stream is the Silver Lake Hotel, recently enlarged and refitted,—a pleasant stopping-place for the constantly growing throng of health-seekers and tourists, who are but now beginning to appreciate the natural attractions of this vicinity.

* Report of American Society for Promoting Civilization of the Indian Tribes, 1824.

At Milo Station the Bangor and Katahdin Iron-Works Railway (standard gauge) connects with the Bangor and Piscataquis R. R., running thence six miles to Brownville, the present terminus of the road. It is expected that this new feeder of the B. & P. R. R. will be finished to the Iron-Works early the present season at which time visitors will be saved the fatigue of completing their journey by buckboard over a very rough road.

From Milo Station to Milo Village it is a mile and a half, and four or five miles from the latter place to Brownville, according as one takes the straight road over a high hill or the more level road east of the former, which crosses Pleasant River and turns northwest along its left bank. Brownville Village is scattered, so to speak, among a number of little hills, dotted with groups of pretty shade-trees, and within its limits are some of the oldest slate-quarries in this section of Maine, still in active operation.

From Brownville the wagon-road to the Iron-Works soon climbs a hill, and discloses to view the pretty valley of Pleasant River below, and the mountains, which are now rapidly approaching from the northwest, their chain extending from Ebeeme (pronounced Eb-ee-my) on the east to Boarstone on the extreme west.

Seven miles from Brownville, or half-way between that village and the Iron-Works, the road enters the "Prairie," a wide flat tract of ground at the confluence of the three branches of Pleasant River, — East, Middle, and West. A mile beyond, or at the upper end of the "Prairie," the road crosses the Middle Branch, having previously crossed the East Branch

half a mile above its junction with the West Branch, and enters the woods. Six miles more of execrable riding bring one to the Iron-Works hotel, store, furnace, and settlement.

From this point and from farther up the valley fine views are had of Saddlerock, White Cap, Spruce, Baker, and Chairback Mountains, a succession of peaks which give to the place its chief charm. Far to the east is Ebeeme Mt. with its rounded top, next to which, northwest, is

SADDLEROCK MT.,

3,054 ft. high,* whose summit is between six and a half and seven miles from the hotel. Three-quarters of a mile east of the summit, and only a little below it, is a pretty little pond between two cliffs which flank it on the north and south. Saddlerock may be ascended from the west by following an old road which leaves the Brownville road a quarter of a mile below the hotel, or from the north by following the Chesuncook road around the west end of the mountain. The mountain lies nearly east and west, and from the west looks quite peaked.

Next towards the west is Little Spruce Mt., 3,274 feet high, with the twin Spruce Mt. Ponds at its southern base, 1,802 feet above sea-level. North of it is old

* The elevations given here and elsewhere in these pages, except when otherwise stated, are calculated from observations made by the writer with a Green's mountain barometer on the several peaks, simultaneously with others made by President M. F. Fernald at Orono, in July and August, 1881.

WHITE CAP,

the monarch of the group, 3,707 feet above the sea, its rounded dome covered with bare patches of mica-schist detritus and rock in place, alternating with scrub-spruce and other stunted vegetation. West of it extends a spur divided into two peaks, and southwest is Big Spruce Mt., all of which must be considerably over 3,000 feet high. The main summit of White Cap is fourteen or fifteen miles, by road, from the Iron-Works hotel, and is best reached from this point by taking the "Gulf" road for seven miles to White Brook, along whose rapidly descending course a branch road comes down from Gaffney's Camp (1880). This road, although steep in some places, is uniformly good (or was in 1881), and leads to within two miles or less of the summit. Gaffney's logging-camp in 1881 was on this road, four miles from the summit, and Clark's three and a half miles below that. From both Saddlerock and White Cap fine views are had of the surrounding country, not the least of which is that of Ktaadn and Joe Merry Mt., there being no intervening ridges or peaks to belittle them.

On the other side of Pleasant River, and somewhat more than two miles from the hotel, is

CHAIRBACK MT.,

with its three principal peaks, of which that peak which forms the top or back of the "chair" is 2,219 ft., and the next peak, southwest, is 2,371 ft. above sea-level. The most practicable route to the summit lies two miles up the "Gulf" road to "the Farm," where one can cross the

river by means of a rope-ferry. Entering the woods, one may, if fortunate, find a "spotted line" leading up to a sort of table-land which runs along the north side of the mountain, about two hundred feet below the summit. A short, steep climb takes one up to the summit. From this point good views are had of the northern and eastern mountain-peaks and a broad sweep of open country to the south and east. North Chairback Pond lies nearly west. From the next peak, a mile or more to the southwest, Long Pond, West Chairback, and the small ponds on the Houston head-waters are near at hand, with Benson, Boarstone, Barren, Elephant, Lyford, Baker, and other mountains near Moosehead Lake conspicuous. The formation of the north peak of Chairback is mica-schist, which changes, about half-way across the second peak, into granite. One day is enough in which to make the ascent of Saddle-rock or Chairback and return to the hotel, and two days for that of White Cap.

Big Houston Pond lies southeast of Chairback Mt., with Round Mt. and Houston Mt. east of it, the latter lying between Big and Little Houston Ponds. Little Houston Pond is two miles from the hotel, by a good road partly over Ore Mt., which road continues two miles further to the dam at Big Houston Pond. Another path to the head of the latter pond runs west through an old clearing, and diverges from the main road a quarter of a mile from Little Houston Pond.

ORE MT.,

one mile from the hotel, is a small eminence, and is reached over an easy but dusty road, and by paths

leading from it. A number of excavations, none of them very deep, are being made, and from them the ore, which lies in beds nearly horizontal, is taken to the furnace below. The ore is a limonite, the result of the oxidation of a singular formation of pyritiferous rock, which on exposure to the air gives off a light smoke. Several springs near the top of the hill discharge water highly impregnated with iron and copperas, some of them so much so as to be extremely nauseating, and the extent to which the mining is continued seems to affect the character and taste of the water.

From Ore Mt. a pretty prospect opens out before the beholder. The interval below, with its bright patches of cultivated land, "Silver Lake's" extended waters nestling passively among the forests, and on all sides lofty and imposing mountain-peaks, near and distant, varying in their lights and shadows, make a scene of ever increasing interest.

From the Iron-Works a road leads north along Saddlerock Brook past B Pond, which is ten miles away. There is said to be good trout-fishing here, and at one time caribou frequented the shores of the pond in large droves. Indeed, on the summits of many of the neighboring mountains are well-worn paths made by these animals, which still rove through the woods, when not disturbed by the loggers' presence.

Perhaps the greatest natural curiosity in this section of Maine is a gorge known as

THE GULF.

It is a narrow chasm some three and a half miles long, through which flows the West Branch of Pleasant River, the "Mun-olam'mon-un'gun." From the hotel a good road runs along the west side of "Silver Lake," and beyond it for half a mile along the top of a "kame" or "horseback," about thirty feet high, which has a brook on one side and a low meadow on the other. This "kame" is north of the river and about midway of the valley. From the hotel to a large clearing known as "the Farm" it is two miles, and rather more than a mile beyond to the edge of the forest, near where three townships corner, the road by the way touching the river at Horse Eddy. At the end of another mile is an old logging-camp, from which branches off the road up White Brook to White Cap. Two miles more bring one to Pugwash, a small "logon" opposite the foot of the Gulf. The road thus far has been passable for buckboards; the latter half of it, however, is very rough, and one can better walk than ride over it. Rather more than a mile above the foot of the Gulf the road crosses a bridge under which flows

GULF HAGAS STREAM.

This little brook is a gem. For a quarter of a mile below the bridge it is an alternation of bright sparkling cascades and shady pools. The fall of land in its bed between the bridge and river must be one hundred and twenty-five feet, and there are no less than seven or eight "pitches," varying in height from four to twenty-six feet, some falling over the ledges in an even mass,

others divided into two or three branches or arms, and others still, broken in their fall by obstructing rocks, — all of them, when over four feet high, as white as milk. The most interesting one is “Screw-Auger” Fall, the third from the bridge. It is twenty-six feet high, the entire body of water passing through a part of the rock about four feet wide, which it has worn into the shape of an S. The water strikes the lower part of the S with such force that it is precipitated about twelve feet in a plane at right angles with the wall. Just below it is a pool surrounded on three sides by a square chamber of perpendicular walls, — a great curiosity. The walls of this miniature gulf are ragged, and in many places a descent to the water’s edge is dangerous and in others impossible, while in only a few is it at all practicable..

The main road in no place comes within sight of the river, but branches lead from it, here and there, to “landings” used by the loggers, from which to roll their logs into the stream. One of these branches, over half a mile above Gulf Hagas, leads down to what has been dubbed “Hammond Street Pitch,” a precipitous bank some ninety feet high, with a ledge or shelf five feet wide jutting out two-thirds of the way down its side. The view from here is quite impressive. The stream foams and froths down its straight course of eighty rods or more, while the opposite cliff, with its profile of the “Old Man,” rises perhaps sixty feet higher, or to a total height of one hundred and fifty feet above the stream. The latter turns sharply to the south at its base, and soon again to the east, flowing past the end of a rounded spur or ridge of solid slate, which extends back some thirty or forty rods from the

stream, and rises gradually from a height of sixty feet or more some hundred feet additional. This is probably the highest part of the Gulf; that is, the cliffs are here highest above the bed of the stream.

From this point a good path runs over the ledges above the stream, and from it many points of interest below can be reached where the cliffs descend abruptly to the stream, while at others they are too precipitous to admit of descending them or of walking along their base.

A mile above Gulf Hags is a logging-camp (1880), the name of which appears on a painted sign, nailed high up to the trunk of a small birch-tree, — "Gulf House." A few rods from here a rustic bridge has been thrown over the river some twenty-five or thirty feet above its bed, for the use of the "river-drivers." From this bridge to the head of the Gulf it is about a mile and a quarter, and one point of interest succeeds another at short intervals along the entire distance. First in order, and visible from the bridge, is a remarkable full-front face of an Indian, formed by the overhanging cliff on the south side of the stream. This rock is one side of what is called the "Lower Jaws," a point made memorable by the death of an Indian who was killed there in May, 1882, in a "jam" of logs. A short distance above, at the "Main Jaws" the channel was only seven feet and seven inches wide, until blasted out to a width of twenty-six feet.

A few rods from this point is Duck Pitch, about fifteen feet high, over which the water pours with great force, being churned to the consistency of buttermilk.

A short distance above this fall is another very narrow passage, where before it was blasted out the channel of the stream for ten feet could not have been more than five feet wide, and below it a pool and eddy have eaten into the cliffs and formed an irregular chamber with overhanging walls. The contraction of the opposing walls at this point is known as the "Upper Jaws," and from the ledge on the north side may be seen, lower down, on the opposite side, a pretty good profile of an individual wearing a cap with a long and clumsy visor. Next above is Billing's Fall, sixteen feet high, which with the "pitch" just above it makes one of the prettiest sights of the Gulf, and is well seen from a high cliff just below it, a few steps from the path. A few rods above here and around the bend are Stair Falls, the head of the Gulf.

The formation along this remarkable chasm is slate. Rocks jagged and rounded, cliffs perpendicular and overhanging the stream, the former where the cleavage is parallel with, and the latter where it is at right angles to, its course; huge blocks stripped off and lying in confusion below, others partly detached from the parent mass and separated just enough to leave an ugly chasm between; rounded spurs sloping down to the water, solid masses, patched with moss and lichens, — all these hard and rugged ledges covered with a scattered growth of fir and spruce, — such are the characteristics of the Gulf. In places the tourist can find a difficult descent to the water's edge, where he will get a much better impression of the marvels of the place, and from its many pools he may take an abundance of fine trout.



BILLING'S FALLS—IN THE GULF.

The Gulf road leads up the stream past Baker Mt. to Big Lyford Pond and the West Branch Ponds at its head, some ten or twelve miles distant. These waters, heretofore practically inaccessible, abound in trout.

From the foot of the Gulf, on the south side of the river, a fairly good path leads two miles to

LONG POND,

the main source of Sebec River, and the home of the trout and land-locked salmon. It is a pretty lake, three and a half miles long, affording many fine views of distant mountains, and runs nearly to the base of Barren Mt., around which its waters are discharged to the south and west. A thoroughfare separates the upper or principal part from the lower and narrower part, and a short stretch of quick-water intervenes before the end of the pond and the dam are reached. From here it is about three miles through the woods to Indian Pond (otherwise called "Rum" Pond); thence three miles more to Greenville over a good wagon-road. A path leads from the dam down the stream to Ellitsville and Monson.

EBEEME PONDS AND EAST BRANCH OF PLEASANT RIVER.

A mile beyond Brownville a branch-road leads to Schoodic Lake, and also into a logging-road, which in turn runs past Lower Ebeeme Ponds to Jo Merry Lakes. A pair of horses could formerly haul canoes and luggage through from Brownville to West Jo Merry Lake in one day, but such a feat is now impossible, owing to the badness of the road.

The upper and lower Ebeeme ponds lie about four miles apart, measured on the east branch of Pleasant River, which flows through them before its junction with the other branches. A canoe can be paddled and poled up the connecting stream for two miles without much difficulty, but above that point will have to be carried half a mile, and poled the rest of the way to the upper pond. The ponds and surrounding country are quite picturesque, several wooded mountain peaks being near at hand on either side.

The lower group of ponds consists of West Ebeeme, connected by a narrow thoroughfare with Horseshoe Pond, into which empties, by a small brook on the north, Pearl Pond, and on the east, East Ebeeme Pond, the latter being three-quarters of a mile from Schoodic Lake, and connected with it by a good path. There are numerous coves and inlets around the shores of these ponds, which, besides being pretty, make good shooting-ground. A good farm, cultivated by Elisha Norton, lies on the Jo Merry road near Schoodic Lake.

Into the Upper Ebeeme empties, on the north, Wongun Brook, which for two miles from its mouth is navigable by canoes. From the head of the dead-water a good road leads into the Jo Merry road, and it is only four miles to Jo Merry Lake.

Horace Falls, two miles above Upper Ebeeme, is a pretty little cascade fifteen feet or more high, with a small island perched in the middle of it.

On the East Branch of Pleasant River, six miles above upper Ebeeme pond, there is a gorge similar to the Gulf, and called the "Gauntlet," — very wild, but

not quite equal, either in extent or picturesqueness, to the former. A tote-road runs from Lower Ebeeme pond, from the mouth of Babel Brook, to the Gauntlet.

Persons who visit Ebeeme Ponds leave the stage at the house of William Tufts, at the "Prairie," seven miles from Brownville.

SEBEC LAKE

(same as *Sebaygook*, "large body of water"), an oddly shaped lake, and in some respects a pretty one, lies near the line of the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, and can be reached conveniently by either of three routes. The first is by way of South Sebec, the second lies through Foxcroft, and the third leaves Monson Station (formerly Abbot), — all stations on the B. & P. R. R.

From South Sebec to Sebec Corner is a mile and a half, and thence it is three miles and a half to Sebec Village at the extreme end of the lower lake, or "Pond," though some people call it two and three miles respectively. About three-quarters of a mile before reaching the village the road forks, the right branch lying straight over Moulton Hill, and the left one circling around its base. From Moulton Hill, and from other points on the road, fine views can be had of Saddlerock, White Cap, Chairback, and other mountains to the north and east, and in clear days of Ktaadn also; while off to the west rises Boarstone, a rugged, peaked mass. Stages to Sebec Village connect with the regular trains of the railroad. Fare, twenty-five cents.

From Foxcroft one can go by private conveyance, or stage, at 7 A. M., due north four miles and a half to Blethen Landing, at the west end of the lower pond. There is a saw-mill here, and several farm-houses where one can get a meal if needed, and await the arrival of the steamer, which is due at 8.15 A. M. The fare from Foxcroft to the head of the lake is fifty cents, or about a dollar if by private conveyance.

The road from Monson Station leads through a pretty and more or less cultivated valley, nine miles to the Lake House, at the mouth of Wilson Stream. At last accounts no regular stage ran over this road oftener than once a week; and should the visitor select this route, which in some respects is preferable to the other two, he will have to depend on private conveyance from Monson, to which place he will be carried by stage from the railroad station.

Blueberries grow in profusion near Sebec Lake, especially on Granite Mt. on the western shore; and during the time when they are ripe a small steamer makes the round trip up and down the lake every day, and runs pretty regularly during the rest of the summer-season, say from July 25th to September 1st, leaving Sebec Village in the morning and returning from Wilson Stream in the afternoon. Campers will find the ordinary articles of an outfit at Sebec Village, and at reasonable prices; but guides are scarce, and canoes not to be had anywhere on the lake, unless by the courtesy of some inhabitant, who may happen to own one for which he has no immediate use. Mr. Frank M. Ford, at the village, owns a sail-boat which is generally at the service of visiting sportsmen.

In the spring, when the ice first breaks up, the fishing at Sebec Lake is quite good at the outlet of the lake, at the mouth of Ship Pond Stream in Buck's Cove, and up Wilson Stream as far as the falls. Land-locked salmon abound in its waters, and furnish capital sport to the angler ; but their "run" lasts only a short time, and during the summer the fisherman must be content with pickerel and white perch.

Sebec Village was settled about 1802, and incorporated in 1812, and the visitor must therefore be prepared to see more or less cultivation on the shores of the lake. A good road runs up the north side of the lower pond, some five or six miles, past a number of farms, while the south side seems to be still an unbroken forest. The lake is eleven or twelve miles long, the lower part being narrow and rather commonplace. From the village it is three miles to Little Pine Island, which consists of eight stumps, one cedar bush, and a lot of drift-wood. One mile beyond is Big Pine Island, whence it is three miles to the Narrows. The latter are about forty-five rods wide, and from thence the upper or main lake opens to view with its hilly western shore, and Boarstone and Barren Mts. prominent at the north.

The shores of the upper part of the main lake are one mass of granite blocks, and are covered with a hard-wood growth ; and only at and near the mouth of Ship Pond Stream and on Green Point, three-quarters of a mile below it, and a mile and a quarter from Wilson Stream, can good camping-ground be found. An old deserted fish-hatching-house stands at the mouth of Ship Pond Stream, just below the falls and

an old burnt dam. From it an old decayed tramway leads up the west bank of the stream, a mile and a quarter, to the quarry of the Howard Slate Co., abandoned some years ago.

Besides the lake there are a number of ponds and streams near by, where the angler will be much more likely to find fish than in the lake. One of these is Buttermilk Pond, which is accessible over two good roads which lead from two "landings," one above and the other below a burnt ledge on the east shore of Buck's Cove. The lower road takes one, after ten minutes' walking, almost within sight of Bear Pond, a pretty little lakelet half a mile wide. A mile beyond Bear Pond this road runs through a clearing filled with sawdust and trimmings made by cutting up birch for spools; thence a mile and a half more to the east end or head of First Buttermilk Pond, the latter part of the way through a fine beech and maple grove.

BUTTERMILK POND

is two miles long, and rather narrow except where a cove indents the south shore, midway of its length. The road touches the pond soon after leaving Sawdust Clearing. The upper end of this pond, near the inlet, is said to be a rare spot for trout and land-locked salmon, in the season. The outlet is three-quarters of a mile long to its junction with Ship Pond Stream, and for the last half-mile of its course tumbles over innumerable slate-ledges, making one of the prettiest succession of falls in that section of country, some of the "pitches" being over twelve feet high. An old path

leads from Sawdust Clearing, a mile and a half, nearly to the mouth of the stream, which is opposite the old Howard slate-quarry.

From Sawdust Clearing another logging-road leads west, two and a half miles, to Millbank Pond, which empties its waters into lower Sebec Lake just west of Big Pine Island. It lies south of Third Buttermilk Pond, which is quite pretty, while Buttermilk Pond, No. 2, is marshy and uninteresting. The latter is a quarter-mile, or more, from No. 1, and three-quarters of a mile from No. 3. No. 2 is a mile and a half long.

The Lake House, formerly a hotel, but now seldom used as such, kept by Captain A. G. Crockett, is situated near the mouth of Wilson Stream. It is the terminus of the road from Monson, and from it one can be conveyed to within three-quarters of a mile of Grindstone Pond, formerly one of the favorite fishing-grounds. Half a mile above the mouth of Wilson Stream, at the falls, are the mill and buildings of the Willimantic Linen Co., where they make their spools from the birch which grows in abundance in this region. The red-painted boarding-house of this company and its little Queen Anne cottages, on the brow of the opposite hill, are very picturesque, and are decidedly unique in these forest wilds.

Ship Pond Stream is impassable for canoes except in high water, and the best way to reach Ship Pond is over the wagon-road, three and a half miles, to Welch's Mill, thence over the Elliotsville branch to Greenwood Pond.* From Welch's Mill to Monson is five miles,

* See page 164.

the way being along the outlets of Monson and Hebron Ponds and over Norton Hill, from which the mountain views to the north and northeast are very fine. It takes about three hours to drive from Crockett's to Monson.

MONSON.

Monson Village, in the middle of the township of the same name, is six miles northeast from Monson Station, on the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, and about fourteen miles south of Moosehead Lake. Several large slate-quarries have been operated here for ten years or more ; and since their opening, the village has, from a quiet farming community, sprung into an enterprising and busy trade-centre. It lies on high ground, among the hills which skirt the east side of the Piscataquis Valley, and from many points within its limits fine views are had of the more distant and pretentious mountains, which are prominent on the west, north, and northeast. The best outlook, by all odds, for the lover of natural scenery is from the top of Homer's Hill, above the slate-quarries. The latter, opened from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet below the surface, and disclosing a mass of solid rock which extends to unknown depths, are objects of great interest to all who visit them. Should the quality of the slate in them continue as good as at present, they will probably furnish work to many men for several generations to come.

Hebron Pond, west of the village, is a very pretty body of water, and contains many large and luscious trout. On summer evenings its surface is dotted with

boats of merry villagers, seeking recreation, after the toils of the day, among its lovely islands or near its wooded shores.

Monson lies on the old stage-road from Dexter and Dover to Greenville, as former visitors to Moosehead Lake will remember. Indeed, one line of stages from Dexter to Greenville now runs over this road, and passengers stop here to dine. Comfortable hotel accommodations combine with the natural surroundings to make Monson an attractive and favorite resort for people who love quiet and the healthful tonic of a bracing atmosphere.*

Childe's Falls, on Goodale Brook, the outlet of Spectacle Ponds, are two miles north of the village, just east of the road which divides the town. They are twenty feet or more high, and although the amount of water which leaps from ledge to ledge is not large, the cascade is a very pretty one.

ELLIOTSVILLE.

Northeast of Monson is the town of Elliotsville, much wilder and, for that reason, more attractive to many people than its more thickly settled neighbor. Following the old "centre-road" from Monson Village for a mile and a half, then turning to the right and skirting the north side of Monson Pond, in five and a half miles one comes to the Elliotsville line, and in another two and a half miles to Elliotsville Falls on Wilson Stream. From this point a road runs up the west side of the stream about a mile, crosses the Little

* Since the above was written the principal hotel has been destroyed by fire, and it is uncertain when it will be rebuilt.

Wilson (of Shirley) and ascends a steep hill until it is lost in a large farm. Entering the woods opposite the house far up the hill on this farm, and walking three-quarters of a mile in a southwesterly direction, one comes to the Little Wilson again, and to a deep gorge through which it flows. A very steep and narrow ridge divides the stream from a tributary north of it. At the head of the gorge, some sixty rods from its mouth, is a water-fall fifty-seven feet high, of surpassing loveliness and well worth a visit. From the farm, as one descends again to the road, a fine view is had of Boarstone and Greenwood Mountains.

At Elliotsville Falls the road crosses the stream on a bridge, and on the east side forks, one branch leading north to Bodfish's, and the other running southeasterly to Eben L. Holt's farm, where teams will be stabled, and meals provided for hungry tourists. Mr. Holt owns boats on Greenwood Pond and Ship Pond, and, besides being reasonable in his charges, is a kind and attentive host.

From this point the road to

GREENWOOD POND

leads through hay-fields, and camp-equipage can be transported thither by team, while campers can walk or not, as they please. It is about half a mile to the shore of the pond, across which to its outlet it is perhaps a mile further. From the landing a fine view is had of Boarstone Mt. and one of its spurs, called the "Calf," which cast their lengthened shadows into the marvellously clear water of the pond. Indeed, so bright and clear is this water that it is difficult to take



LITTLE WILSON FALLS.

fish from it, although they are said to be very abundant there.

The "carry" into Ship Pond, or "Onaway Lake," as it is sometimes called, begins west of and near the outlet. The path is a good one, open, and for the most part dry, although in places rocky, and is about three-quarters of a mile long. It comes out on

SHIP POND,

opposite a granite ledge which juts out into the water near by. The shores of this pond, like those of Sebec Lake, are covered with granite detritus, and there are very few good sites on them for a camp. The best of these is at Haynes's Beach, on the south side of the cove of the same name, and another on the northwest shore of the pond, at a point just below Long Pond Stream. At Haynes's Beach, Evan H. Gerrish of Bangor has built a substantial cabin for the entertainment of sportsmen, and provides canoes for their use on this and neighboring ponds.

Ship Pond is so called from an island (Schooner Island) which formerly had several trees on it, looking collectively, and from a distance, like the masts of a vessel. It lies on the northeast side of the pond, and is visible from the "carry." The other name, "Onaway," is said to be the Indian for "awake," but the writer has some doubts as to its applicability here. This pond is one of the most strikingly situated ponds of its size in this part of Maine. On the northwest rises Boarstone Mt., abruptly almost from the water's edge and a thousand feet above it. South of Boarstone is Greenwood Mt., insignificant only by com-

parison with its neighbors. Across the outlet from Greenwood Mt. is Benson Mt., more impressive perhaps from a distance than from near its base; and joined to it on the north, completing the encircling chain, rises majestic Barren, several hundred feet higher than Boarstone. All of these mountains rise rapidly from the shores of the pond, and instead of having a sameness, offer quite a variety of scenery, and make the pond and its neighborhood objects of widespread admiration.

On top of Boarstone, below the principal or eastern summit, are three small ponds whose waters flow into Greenwood Pond. There is also a small pond high up the slope of Barren Mt. At the dam below Ship Pond, and in different parts of the pond, trout and landlocked salmon may be taken, and in some places also fresh-water smelts.

From near the outlet a path leads east a quarter of a mile into the old Chesuncook or Thissell road, thence three-quarters of a mile past the end of Big Benson Pond to the north shore of Buttermilk Pond. A spotted line leads from it down to

BIG BENSON POND,

which is a mile and a half long. Its water is very clear, the shores being covered with a pretty sand, and the water near them shallow. Very large trout and togue have been taken from this pond, and its stock of fish is said to be by no means exhausted yet. Benson Mt. lies north and northeast, and Little Benson Pond is a mile to the eastward.

From the east shore of Moore's cove (southeast

corner of Ship Pond) it is but a few miles to Sampson Pond and Caribou Barren beyond, — good ground for deer.

From the head of Ship Pond one can paddle nearly two miles up Long Pond Stream to Bodfish's Bridge, from which Brown's clearing, a mile beyond, is reached by a road through the woods and fields on the west side of the stream. This road continues from Brown's, some five or six miles, to Long Pond. About a mile and a half up the stream from the clearing is a very pretty succession of falls, called "Slugundy," a name elsewhere found in Maine. They are best reached from the road. A fine view of the end of Barren Mt. is had from Brown's Clearing.

The ascent of Boarstone Mt. may be made from the south side, over the "Calf," or more easily from the north through the hard-wood forest which covers the northern slope.

Parties who visit this locality will do well to secure a canoe from Mr. Holt or Mr. Gerrish in advance, or bring one with them. Camp-outfits and teams can be obtained at Monson.*

MT. KTAADN FROM THE EAST.

If one is fonder of "tramping" through the woods than of gliding over lakes and down streams in a canoe, there is a route, other than that already described, by which the ascent of Mt. Ktaadn is frequently made.

* For information and guide, apply to E. R. Haynes, Postmaster, Monson, Maine.

One goes by morning train on the European and North American Railway from Bangor to Mattawamkeag, where the cars connect with stage-coaches for Sherman Village, some twenty-four miles away to the north. It is seven miles from Mattawamkeag to Molunkus, where passengers stop to dine, and the entire drive to Sherman may be accomplished by five o'clock in the afternoon. The drive is pleasant and not tiresome. The stage-fare is two dollars. At Sherman Village one can put up at the tavern, or, if early enough, push on by private conveyance, over a good road, four miles to Staceyville.

It is six miles over a very rough road from here to the East Branch of the Penobscot, to the old Hunt farm. Until recently this place was kept for some years by C. R. Patterson, who now occupies a farm a mile and a half above it. At Staceyville it may be well to hire a horse to carry one's load to Ktaadn Lake. At Patterson's a guide can usually be engaged, and, if one is going up the river, canoes as well.

The road, an old "tote-road" from here westward, crosses the river either at the Hunt farm, which is below the mouth of the Wassataquoik, or at Patterson's, above it, the former fork joining the latter on the north side of this stream, up whose left bank it runs for six miles. Recrossing it, the road runs westerly five miles to Ktaadn Lake, from which a magnificent view is had of Mt. Ktaadn in all its majesty. The best place to camp is at the head of the lake, a mile from the outlet, at Reed's old lumber-camp on Sandy Stream.

From the outlet of Ktaadn Lake it is over five miles to Reed's upper dam. The road runs part of the way

along Sandy Stream, and crosses it at the dam, after which it is somewhat better than for several miles before, but soon becomes steep, and is lined with blocks of granite. From the dam to the Basin is nearly six miles, the latter being, according to Professor Hamlin,* 1,700 ft. the higher, or 2,900 ft. above sea-level.

The wildest part of Ktaadn scenery is had from this neighborhood, and a better idea of its grandeur and impressiveness is obtained here than from any other point. Almost surrounded by perpendicular walls of rock, the tourist never ceases to wonder at what is before him.

Good fishing is found in Ktaadn Lake and Sandy Stream, or rather *were* found there before the habit became prevalent among guides and loggers of destroying trout in great numbers by the use of dynamite, — a flagrant outrage which cannot be condemned too severely.

* For a full and interesting description of this and other approaches to Ktaadn, see *Routes to Ktaadn*, by C. E. Hamlin, in *Appalachia*, December, 1881.

FORKS OF THE KENNEBEC AND VICINITY.

FIRST ROUTE.

NORTH ANSON.

ANOTHER way of reaching Moosehead Lake and the head-waters of the Kennebec is by way of Skowhegan, or North Anson, and thence up the Kennebec valley.

The tourist leaves Boston at 7 : 30 A. M. by the Eastern, or by the Boston and Maine Railroad, and, connecting at Portland with the Maine Central Railroad, continues by way of Lewiston and Auburn to West Waterville. At this place those who wish can connect with the Somerset Railroad, and go to North Anson, or one can without change of cars continue to Skowhegan.

By the former route one crosses the Kennebec at Norridgewock, an interesting old town on its banks, which was settled early in the eighteenth century. A short distance above it the cars pass, on the left, a granite obelisk erected to Father Rasles and the Norridgewock Indians, who were slaughtered there in 1724. The pious father had come from Canada, a missionary to this wild tribe, and had succeeded in

gaining a great ascendancy over them. At his instigation they committed depredations on the settlers near by, at the time when the French and English were not on very good terms. Finally, Captains Harmon and Moulton were sent with two companies of soldiers to punish them. Coming on to the high ground east of their village, they divided the party, surrounded the unsuspecting Indians, and, after a brief resistance, killed most of them, and burned their chapel and village.

The railroad runs along and near the left bank of the river, crosses to the right bank at Madison, where there is quite a waterfall, and continues on the same side to North Anson. It takes about an hour and a quarter to go from West Waterville to North Anson, and the fare is one dollar.

North Anson, at the junction of the Kennebec and Carabassett Rivers, is a thriving little village, and at present the northern terminus of the Somerset Railroad. It lies on both sides of the Carabassett, a stream which runs noisily through it, over rapids of considerable length and interest. From the village a fine view is had of Mount Abraham and Mount Bigelow, to the west. The cars arrive here about half past five, and the tourist can have supper, and push on, the same evening, seven miles, to Solon, or he can stop here over night and leave for Solon the next morning at half past seven. It is forty miles from here to the Forks, the junction of Dead River with the Kennebec, and teams connect at Solon, in the morning, with the regular stage from Skowhegan, or *vice versa* from Solon, with the morning train from North

Anson to West Waterville. The fare to Solon is fifty cents. Parties can procure, at reasonable rates, a team to carry them through to the Forks, the same night.

From North Anson a good road runs twenty-seven miles to

DEAD RIVER.

Here, at Parsons's hotel, in Dead River Village, one can get canoes and staple provisions, and go up the river eleven miles, or by land nine miles, to Flagstaff Village, which is between the pond of the same name and Dead River. Seven or eight miles up the river from Flagstaff is Eustis, a small village with a mill, above which on the north branch of Dead River one can paddle twelve miles to Chain Ponds. Only one carry, and that only twenty rods long, has to be made, about four miles above Eustis, around Ledge Falls.

From Chain Ponds one crosses the Canada line, and soon descends into Lake Megantic. This is the route taken by Arnold in his famous march to Canada in October and November of 1775, he having come up the Kennebec until opposite Carrying Place Ponds, over which he crossed to Dead River, camped some time at Flagstaff, and then proceeded up the north branch through Chain Ponds into Canada.

Below Dead River Village there are six miles of "dead" water to Long Falls, one mile to the west of which is Long Pond, a good fishing-ground. In fact, the whole of this Dead River region, being out of the usual range of sportsmen, affords very good trout-fishing.

Around Long Falls there is a carry of three quarters of a mile ; then come six miles of "dead " water, at the foot of which are Grand Falls and a dam. Below the dam there are wild rapids for seventeen or eighteen miles, — all the way to the Forks.

SECOND ROUTE.

SKOWHEGAN. •

The route through West Waterville and Waterville to Skowhegan is perhaps more convenient than the first-named, as it involves no change of cars. Skowhegan is the head-quarters of the regular and only Kennebec stage-line, and one is more likely to get a good seat in the stage there, than if one should connect with it at Solon.

The night train from Boston fails, by two hours, to connect with the stage, unless there should be at least six persons aboard who are going up the river, and who shall have previously notified the stage to await their arrival. By this plan, however, one who wishes to buy an outfit at Skowhegan has no time to do so, and for such a person the morning train from Boston is the better, provided one can afford to lose the day spent on the cars.

Skowhegan is quite an attractive place, and the falls in the Kennebec there are well worth seeing. The Turner House, a spacious hotel, is well kept and comfortable, and within pistol-shot of the depot.

The stage leaves the hotel, for the Forks, forty-six

miles away, at half past six o'clock every morning. The road up to Solon — fifteen miles — runs through broad and undulating country, and discloses now and then pretty glimpses of distant mountains and hills. One of the prettiest views is from Robbins Hill, ten miles from Skowhegan. Moxie Mountain stands out prominently, to the north.

From Solon the road follows the course of the river up its left bank to Bingham, eight miles beyond, where stage-passengers dine. This is the terminus of the telegraph-line.

Above Bingham the hills which flank the river approach it more nearly, and the road winds around its pretty curves, now through stretches of woodland, and again through "dugways," on the very edge of the bank. It is comparatively level all of the way to the Forks, and in good weather the entire distance through Solon, Bingham, Moscow, Carratunk, and the Forks Plantation, is made in about ten hours, stops included.

Between Skowhegan and the Forks a stage runs each way every day. From the Forks to Hilton's, in Sandy Bay township, a stage runs every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, arriving at Moose River Village at three o'clock P. M., and at Hilton's, fourteen miles beyond, the same evening. The stage returns on the alternate days of the week. Should the amount of travel render it expedient, the proprietors are ready to run a stage every day over this route, both ways. Passengers to Canada connect at Hilton's with the Canada stage down the Rivière du Loup to St. Joseph, thence they go by rail to Quebec.

From Solon a stage runs every morning, and con

nects with the cars at North Anson, at 7:45 A.M. The stage from the Forks reaches Skowhegan in the evening, in time, if required, to catch the night train for Boston. Excursion tickets from Boston to the Forks and back, by this route, cost fourteen dollars.

THE FORKS OF THE KENNEBEC

has long been a favorite resort for fishermen. A well-kept and commodious hotel is prettily and conveniently located in the centre of a large tract of fine trout-country, and the smaller game of the woods abounds in its vicinity. One of the best fishing-grounds near at hand is

MOXIE POND,

which is between ten and twelve miles long, and from a mile to a mile and a half broad. Two roads lead to it from the Forks, one on either side of Moxie Stream. That on the south side is five miles long, and the more direct; the other is two miles longer, and passes near Moxie Falls, a cascade ninety-five feet high, which should by all means be visited. Both roads come together at the dam which is at the outlet of the pond. Moxie Stream is "dead" from its mouth almost up to the falls, sixty rods above which is another fall of fifteen feet, called Rankin's Falls. From the latter point to the lower dam it is a hundred rods. Two miles intervene between the lower and upper dams, three fourths of which is "dead" water. At the lower dam there is a farm and a very neat cabin, kept by Tom Morris; at the upper dam Frank Heald has a camp.



MOXIE FALLS.

Going up the pond one comes, at the end of a mile and a quarter, to Caribou Narrows, a charming spot for camping. Tall pines stand out above their forest companions, and with the mountains and rocks look wild and weird. Black Narrows are two and a half miles further up the pond, and Mosquito Narrows about two miles beyond them. A canoe can run up Mosquito Stream to Mosquito Pond.

Bald Rock is a mile above Mosquito Narrows, just opposite Sandy Stream, which is navigable for about a mile from its mouth. Baker Brook empties into the pond at its head, and is unnavigable. The Devil's Table, nine miles up the pond, is a large flat rock in the middle of the water. For two or three miles the upper part of the pond is narrow, and boulders and sharp rocks lie concealed just below the surface of the water.

Good fishing is to be had in Mosquito, Sandy, and Alder Brooks. Cranberries and blueberries grow in profusion on the shores of the pond, and deer and caribou are frequently seen near it.

Nine miles below the Forks a good road leads from the Kennebec, three miles, to

PLEASANT POND,

where there is quite a settlement. The water of this pond is deep and clear, so clear that one can fish successfully until quite late at night. The trout in it are of a peculiar kind, very silvery, round, plump, and delicious eating. The road continues from the north end of the pond four miles to Mosquito Pond.

Carrying-Place Ponds, and Otter and Peirce Ponds are reached from Carratunk, and are said to afford good fishing, the trout in them running as large as four and five pounds.

Fish Pond, six miles from the Forks, and two miles from the lower dam on Moxie Stream, also affords good fishing.

Black Pond, a mile from the Kennebec, has some togue in it, but few brook-trout. A convenient way of reaching Indian Pond from the Forks, by canoe, is through Black Pond, then two miles, partly by carrying, to Knight's Pond, thence one mile over a carry to Little Indian Pond, and through its boggy outlet, without serious difficulty, almost down to the mouth of Indian Stream, where some more carrying will have to be done. Elbow Bog empties into the head of Knight's Pond.

A group of ponds which furnish good fishing, and which lie pretty near together, are Wilson's Hill or Tomhegan Pond, Long Pond, above it, Horseshoe and Ellis Ponds, and the Ten-thousand-Acre Ponds. The first named is reached by going up the Canada Road three miles from the Forks, then turning to the right up the lower Cold Stream road through the Coburn field, and thence walking seven miles. A good way is to camp on the old farm on the border of Wilson's Hill Pond, and to make excursions thence, on different days, to the other ponds named, which are within a radius of two miles or less.

From the Forks to Indian Pond is fifteen miles, thence ten miles to Moosehead Lake. The better road is on the left bank of the Kennebec.

PARLIN POND.

Fifteen miles north of the Forks, on the Canada Road, is a group of buildings, — custom-house, post-office, and hotel, — which are a mile from the head of Parlin Pond, and which for many years have been a stopping-place for sportsmen. The fishing in the pond is good, and canoes and guides can be had at reasonable rates.

Five miles beyond, on the Jackman-Parlin line, is a hotel kept by A. F. Adams, the proprietor of the stage-line which runs from the Forks to Hilton's. This house is said to be very well kept, and its proprietor is attentive and obliging. It is only three miles from the foot of Parlin Pond, to which a good road runs from it. This road crosses at the dam just below the pond, and continues down the stream, and up Lang Stream to Lang Pond, where trout are abundant. Good fishing is also to be had at Parlin Pond dam. A good path runs directly from Adams's to Long Pond, — four miles.

MOOSE RIVER VILLAGE

is fifteen miles from the head of Parlin Pond, on the same Canada Road. Two small hotels flourish here, together with all the appurtenances of a well-regulated New England village. Provisions and outfit can be obtained here for a trip into the woods, but, as has

been remarked elsewhere, one must not be disappointed if one does not find on the verge of the forest everything that is needed.

Leaving the village, and paddling up Moose River, one soon comes into

WOOD POND,

along whose eastern shore one goes four miles to the head of the pond. One McKinney has a farm and house here, and he can provide parties with boats, and, if need be, with a guide, too.

On the west of Wood Pond are Little Wood and Big Little Wood Ponds. The latter is half a mile from the former, and a mile wide and nearly three miles long. A good road leads from Moose River Village to the latter, and, touching it midway of its length, runs up to its head. Both ponds contain trout in abundance.

A half or three quarters of a mile of river separate Wood Pond from

ATTEAN POND,

which is rather larger than the former, and much prettier. It contains many islands, and has good shores covered with a generous amount of hard wood. From its western extremity a very good road, a mile long, runs across to Holeb Pond, and, by carrying across this one mile, one saves about twenty-seven miles of travel around the "bow."

Three miles south from the outlet of the pond

MOOSE RIVER

again resumes its course, and is "dead" for half a mile up to Attean Rips, just below which is a pretty little island. The carry around the "rips" is on the left, and not more than twenty rods long. There are two principal "pitches," either of which can at times be run on the setting-pole, the upper one being perhaps the more difficult.

The river is substantially smooth for eleven miles, between Attean Rips and Holeb Falls, except at Spencer Rips, three miles below the latter, and in ordinary seasons its navigation will give the canoe-man little trouble. Spencer Rips can be run on the setting-pole. At Three Brooks, opposite Bradstreet's farm, and two miles below Holeb Falls, one will get good fishing. In Town Five, near the Attean line there are two farms, one on each side of the river, but no houses.

Holeb Falls is a very picturesque spot, the water falling some twenty-five feet over large masses of rock. The carry lies on the left bank, is steep and half a mile long. A good road leaves Parlin Pond, runs west, touching at Holeb Falls, and continues up the stream to the north branch.

Above Holeb Falls, on the left, is Smith's farm, now kept by Jim Hall, — the last habitation on the river, as one goes up. The stream is substantially "dead" from this point even up to, and above, the forks of the river. It is two miles above Holeb Falls to Barrett Brook, and two and a half more to Holeb Stream. A tolerably easy passage can be had for a canoe up Holeb Stream to the pond.

Above Holeb Stream, the first brook on the right is Big Gulf Stream, and the second, — a fraction of a mile beyond, and on the same side, — Little Gulf Stream. Both are so named because of the gorges through which they flow. The mouth of Little Gulf Stream is near the town line, three quarters of a mile west of which are Lowell Falls. A short carry lies on the right bank. A short distance above the falls, on the left, is a small pond, half a mile from the river, which used to be a famous moose-ground.

So tortuous is the stream between Holeb Falls and the town line near Lowell Falls, that the distance between the two, by canoe, is about eighteen miles, while in a straight line it is less than half that number.

GAME AND FISH OF NORTHERN MAINE.

NORTHERN Maine, like all other hunting-ground within easy reach of civilization, has been pretty thoroughly hunted and trapped, not by sportsmen, but by men who make it a business to do so. The moose, which twenty years ago roamed through its forests, and frequented the banks of its lakes and streams in large numbers, is almost extinct, and to-day it is a rare occurrence to meet one anywhere within its borders. This state of things is due to the lamentable short-sightedness of hunters, who in seasons of deep snow have, for the sake of its hide, slaughtered this noble animal by scores, and left its carcass to spoil.

An occasional moose, or other wild animal, killed by sportsmen for its meat, would scarcely be missed, and the act of killing, whether in or out of "close-time," is on this ground justified by the community. But the wanton destruction of game, by any one, for the sake of the excitement, or "sport," as it is called, will never be indulged in, nor approved, by the true sportsman.

The last remarks, *mutatis mutandis*, apply equally well to fish. The old notion has been fully disproved,

that a trout once caught, would not, if put back into the water, again take a hook. Fishermen can, therefore, by undergoing a little trouble, have all the "sport" they want, and after reserving enough of their "catch" for use, return the uninjured fish to their own element.

The fish-laws of Maine have been altered and amended from year to year, to suit the fancy of each successive Legislature. None seem as yet to have hit the mark of effective protection, for it is notorious that more fish are caught in the winter and spring, when the ice first forms, and when it first breaks up, than at any other time of the year, if we except the time immediately after spawning.

As the moose disappears from Maine, deer seem to increase, and are working their way east. Caribou abound about the head-waters of the Penobscot, and apparently increase more rapidly than they are killed off. Large game is occasionally seen on the shores of Moosehead Lake. Of the fur-bearing animals, such as otter, beaver, sable, black cat, and loup-cerviers, the supply has fallen off so much, that trappers now say it does not pay to go after them.

Trout are abundant away from the beaten thoroughfares of sportsmen. In the immediate vicinity of Moosehead Lake fishing is fair at all times, except in midsummer. A hatching-house is to be built this year, near Mount Kineo, the good effect of which will in a few years be quite noticeable.

In the lake are white-fish, "lakers," and brook-trout. The first-named is very good eating, lives in deep water, and averages a pound or more in weight. The

“laker,” or lake-trout, weighs as high as twenty-five pounds, lives in deep water, — to the great annoyance of the white-fish, — and, in the absence of brook-trout, is deemed good eating.

The writer has not attempted to give, in these pages, exact directions as to the whereabouts of all the good fishing-pools in different ponds and streams, and for three reasons. First, and principally, he does not know where they are ; secondly, they change from year to year, nay, even from day to day ; and, thirdly, it would take away much pleasure from the camper-out, if he were not allowed occasionally to hunt after his game. One soon learns, without being told, that at the foot of rapids, below dams, at the mouths of cold streams, and in pools along their course, are the most likely places for fish. As to game, one should ever be ready to meet it. It comes when least expected, and may be off again before one can disengage his gun from a lot of rods and camp equipage. Keep it by your side, or in your hands, *always*, while in the woods.

Ducks are not very abundant in the interior of Maine, except in a few localities, where there are good feeding-grounds. Sheldrakes — a fishy fowl — are most common, and are found everywhere. Black ducks are numerous on the feeding-grounds, but are exceedingly shy. Teal and wood-duck are found here and there. Partridges are abundant everywhere, and are very easily approached. They are most often found along old roads, or on the banks of streams, probably because hunters do not go into the thick woods after them.

DIGEST OF THE GAME AND INLAND FISH LAWS OF MAINE.

MOOSE.

It is unlawful to take, kill, or destroy any moose, at any time, until October 1st, 1880, or thereafter, between January 1st and October 1st, in each year, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for each moose so taken, &c. Any person who aids or assists in so doing is deemed a principal. — Acts of 1878, ch. 50, §§ 1, 2.

DEER AND CARIBOU

may not lawfully be killed, taken, or destroyed between January 1st and October 1st, under a penalty of forty dollars for each one so killed, &c. — Ibid. § 4.

MOOSE, DEER, AND CARIBOU

may not lawfully be hunted with dogs, under like penalties as for killing the same. "ANY PERSON MAY LAWFULLY KILL ANY DOG FOUND HUNTING MOOSE, DEER, OR CARIBOU." — Ibid. § 4.

The possession of the hide or meat of these animals, at a time when their killing is unlawful, is presumptive, but not conclusive, evidence of having killed them. — Ibid. §§ 2, 5.

No person shall carry or transport any part of any such animals during the period in which it is unlawful to kill the same, under a penalty of forty dollars. — Ibid. § 6.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

The "close-time" for mink, beaver, sable, otter, and fishers, is from May 1st to October 15th. — Ibid. § 11.

For muskrats, from June 1st to October 15th. — Acts of 1873, ch. 30, § 15.

The penalty for unlawfully taking any of the foregoing is ten dollars for each animal. — Ibid.

BIRDS.

The "close-time" for wood-duck, dusky (black) duck, or other sea-duck, is from May 1st to September 1st; for ruffed grouse (partridge), and for woodcock, from December 1st to September 1st; and for quail or pinnated grouse (prairie-chicken), from January 1st to September 1st. No one shall kill, sell, or have in possession, except alive, any of said birds, nor carry nor transport the same during the period in which their killing is prohibited, under a penalty of not less than five dollars, nor more than ten dollars for each bird. — Ibid. §§ 12, 16, as amended by ch. 126 of the Acts of 1879.

None of the above birds, nor *any* wild duck can lawfully be taken in snares or traps. Penalty, five dollars for each bird. — Ibid. § 13.

The wanton taking, or destruction, of the eggs or unfledged young of any wild bird, except of crows, hawks, or owls, is punishable by a fine of from one to ten dollars for each nest-egg or young so taken or destroyed. — Ibid. § 15.

Chapter 50 of the Acts of 1878 does not apply either to commissioned taxidermists, or to the shooting of ducks on the sea-coast. — Ibid. §§ 17, 19.

FISH.

The "close-time" for land-locked salmon, trout, and togue is from October 1st to May 1st (except on the St. Croix River and its tributaries, and on all the waters in Kennebec County, where it extends from September 15th to May 1st); for black bass, Oswego bass, and white

* "Killing quail is prohibited *in toto* until Sept. 1, 1883. — Ch. 189, Acts of 1880."

perch, from April 1st to July 1st. — Acts of 1878, ch. 75, § 13, as amended by ch. 122 of the Acts of 1879.

The penalty attached to the foregoing section is not less than ten dollars, nor more than thirty dollars, and a further fine of one dollar for each fish taken. In February, March, and April, however, citizens of Maine may “fish for and take land-locked salmon, trout, and togue, and convey the same to their own homes.” — Ibid. § 15, as amended by ch. 122 of the Acts of 1879.

The use of grapnel, spear, trawl, weir, net, seine, trap, set-line, and spoon, either through the ice or otherwise, is prohibited. Only hand-fishing, with a single-baited hook or line, or with artificial flies, is legal. The penalty for disregarding this section is the same as that of section 15, and all grapnels, etc. are forfeited if found in use or operation, any person being authorized in such case to destroy them. — Ibid. § 14.

No person shall sell, expose for sale, or have in possession with intent to sell, or transport from place to place, within the State, any of the above fish during the period in which the taking of said fish is prohibited. All such shall be deemed to have killed, caught, or transported the same contrary to law, and be liable to the penalties provided. Penalty from ten dollars to fifty dollars. — Ibid. §§ 16, 17, as amended by ch. 122, Acts of 1879.

“No person shall fish in that portion of a pond, or other water, in which fish are artificially cultivated or maintained by the written permission of the fish-commissioners, without the permission of the proprietor, under a penalty of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, and an additional penalty of two dollars for each fish so taken or killed.” — Ibid. § 24.

The “close-time” for salmon is from July 15 to April 1, but between July 15 and Sept. 15 they may be taken “by the ordinary mode, with rod and single line, but not otherwise.” — Ibid. § 10, as amended by ch. 187, Acts of 1880.

PUT OUT YOUR CAMP-FIRES!

THE attention of campers is earnestly called to the subject of their camp-fires. Too much care cannot be exercised to see that these are *thoroughly* put out before the camps are deserted. The danger lies not so much in leaving a few smouldering brands in the middle of a bare fireplace, as in allowing to remain unextinguished a *single spark* in the turf at its side. It should be the tourist's last care, before leaving camp, to apply plenty of water to the soil around his fireplace, which nearly always is composed of dry moss, leaves, and other inflammable matter, frequently to the depth of a foot or more. A spark lurking in this mass for days undetected may be fanned into life by the next wind that blows, and the mischief which ensues may be irreparable. Too much stress cannot be laid on this matter. The writer knows of cases, where campers have taken the utmost care, apparently, to leave not a single live ember behind them, and yet ravaging forest fires have been proved to have originated from their camps. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of timber have been thus destroyed; and if we only remember that in burning a man's trees we do him as much harm as if we burned his house, it will spur all conscientious men to treat the forests with perhaps even more consideration than they would their own property. It is no mean privilege we enjoy, of camping, hunting, and fishing on other men's land. Let us then render back at least this one duty of putting out our camp-fires.

Following are the provisions of law relating to the subject, to wit : —

STATE OF MAINE.

CHAPTER 132 OF THE REVISED STATUTES, PASSED 1855.

An act to Protect Forests and Timber Lands from FIRES, and to Punish the Unlawful and Careless KINDLING OF FIRES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows :

Sect. 1. No person shall kindle a fire on land not his own, without the consent of the owner, under penalty of a fine of ten dollars and costs, and to stand committed until the fine and costs are paid.

Sect. 2. If any person shall kindle a fire in any field, pasture, or enclosure, forest or timber land, not his own, without the consent of the owner, and the same shall spread and do damage to any buildings, fences, crops, cord-wood, bark, or other personal property, or to any wood or timber land, he shall, on conviction, be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than five hundred dollars, and costs, according to the aggravation of the offence, and shall stand committed till the fine and costs are paid.

Sect. 3. If any person shall maliciously, with intent to injure any other person, by himself or any other person, kindle a fire on his own land, or on the land of another person, and by means of such fire, the buildings, fences, crops, or other personal property, or wood or timber lands, of any other person shall be destroyed or injured, he shall on conviction, be punished by a fine not less than twenty dollars, nor more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the common jail or house of correction, not less than three months, nor more than twelve months, or in the state prison not less than one nor more than three years, according to the aggravation of the offence.

Sect. 4. If any person shall for any lawful purpose, kindle a fire upon his own land, he shall do it at such time and in such manner, and shall take such care of it to prevent it from spreading and doing damage to other persons' property, as a prudent and careful man would do, and if he fail so to do, he

shall be liable in an action on the case, to any person suffering damage thereby, to the full amount of such damage.

Sect. 5. Any person who shall enter upon the lands of another person, for the purposes of hunting or fishing, and shall, by the use of fire arms, or other means, kindle any fire thereon, shall be liable to the penalties of the first, second, or third section of this act, as the case may be.

Sect. 6. Persons engaged in driving lumber, upon any waters or streams, may kindle fires when necessary for the purposes in which they are engaged, but shall be bound to use the utmost caution to prevent the same from spreading and doing damage; and if they fail so-to do, they shall be subject to all the liabilities and penalties of this act, in the same manner as if the privilege granted by this section had not been allowed.

Sect. 7. The common law right to an action for damages done by fires, is not taken away or diminished by this act, but it may be pursued, notwithstanding the fines or penalties set forth in the first, second, and third sections of this act; but any person availing himself of the provisions of the fourth section, shall be barred of his action at common law for the damage so sued for. And no action shall be brought at common law for kindling fires in the manner described in the sixth section; but if any such fire shall spread and do damage, the person who kindled the same, and any person present and concerned in driving such lumber, by whose act or neglect such fire is suffered to spread and do damage, shall be liable in an action on the case, for the amount of the damage thereby sustained.

Sect. 8. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its approval by the governor.

[*Approved February 28, 1855.*]

TOURS FOR CAMPERS.

THE following tables will show approximately the time needed to make several of the more usual tours, around and near Moosehead Lake. The night passed on the cars from Boston to Bangor is not reckoned in the tables, so that the "third night" means the night of the third *day* from Boston.

One must needs be on the move pretty much all the time, to carry out the programme laid down, and it may be well to add two or three days, in fourteen, for wet weather and other drawbacks. The enjoyment and comfort of campers will be greatly enhanced if they take half as much time again for each tour as is here thought necessary.

No. I. — ONE WEEK.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Boston to Mount Kineo	1 day.
Head of lake and return	1 day.
Socatean River	1 day.
East Outlet	1 day.
Brassua Lake	2 days.
Mount Kineo to Boston	1 day.
	<hr/>
	7 days.

No. II. — Two Weeks.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND VICINITY.

Boston to Mount Kineo	1 day.
Mount Kineo House	1 day.
Brassua Lake	2 days.
Tomhegan and Socatean Streams	2 days.
Mount Kineo House	1 day.
Spencer Pond	2 days.
East Outlet	2 days.
Greenville.	1 day.
Wilson Pond	1 day.
Greenville to Boston	1 day.
	<hr/>
	14 days.

No. III. — Two Weeks.

UP THE WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

Boston to Mount Kineo	1 day.
Nelhudus Stream, or Seeboomook Falls	2 days.
To Forks of West Branch	1 day.
To Hale Brook	1 day.
Hale and Alder Brooks	3 days.
To Penobscot Brook (?)	1 day.
Back to Canada Falls.	1 day.
To Gulliver Falls	1 day.
To Northwest Carry	1 day.
To Kineo	1 day.
To Boston	1 day.
	<hr/>
	14 days.

No. IV. — Two Weeks.

DOWN THE WEST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.

Boston to Moosehead Lake	1st day.
Greenville or Mt. Kineo to Moosehorn Str.	2d day.

Weymouth Point, — Chesuncook Lake	3d night.
Ripogenus Carry	4th night.
Sourdnahunk Dead-Water	6th night.
Sandy Stream, — Foot of Mt. Ktaadn.	8th night.
Sandy Stream	9th night.
Ambajejus Lake	10th night.
Fowler's, or Medway	11th night.
Mattawamkeag	12th night.
Boston	14th day.

NO. V. — TWO WEEKS.

DOWN THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

Boston to Moosehead Lake	1st day.
Moosehead Lake to Moosehorn Stream	2d day.
Umbazookskus Lake.	3d night.
Chamberlain Lock	4th night.
Thoroughfare Brook, or Chase's Carry	6th night.
Umsaskis Lake, or Long Lake	8th night.
Allagash Falls	9th night.
Edmundston.	11th night.
Grand Falls	12th night.
Boston	14th day.

NO. VI. — FIFTEEN DAYS.

CAUCOMGOMOC LAKE.

Boston to Moosehead Lake	1st day.
Moosehead Lake to Moosehorn Stream	2d day.
Lower Falls, — Caucomgomoc Stream	3d night.
Caucomgomoc Lake	4th night.
Avery Brook	5th night.
Round Pond	6th night.
Poland Pond	1 day.
Daggett Pond and Shallow Lake	1 day.
Allagash Lake and return to Round Pond	3 days.

Caucomgomoc Stream	12th night.
Moosehorn Stream	13th night.
Mount Kineo House	14th night.
Boston	16th day.

No. VII.—TWO AND A HALF TO THREE WEEKS.

FORKS AND MOOSE RIVER.

Boston to the Forks	1 day.
The Forks	3 days.
Jackman House	2 days.
Moose River Village	7th night.
Holeb Falls	9th night.
Lowell Falls	11th night.
Attean Pond, via Holeb Pond	13th night.
Moose River Village	14th night.
 The Forks	 15th night.
Boston	17th day.
 Moosehead Lake	 17th night.
Boston	22d day.

THE following table gives the approximate expense of making each of the foregoing excursions from, or in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, with one guide, and one or two tourists to a canoe. Under "R. R. Fares," there is included, in Tours 4, 5, and 7, besides meals and sleeping-car berths, the cost of transporting guide and canoe from the end of the journey back to his home.

The car-fare from Boston to Mount Kineo is \$9.25 ; to Mattawamkeag, \$9.10,—limited \$7.60 ; and to Edmundston, \$14.45, — limited \$12.20.

No. of Tour.	Tours.	Duration of Tour.	Tourists.	R.R. Fares, incl. Meals & Sleeping- Cars.	M. H. Lake Steamer, Passengers & Canoe.	Hotels.	Guide.	Provisions.	Carries.	One Guide.	
										One Person.	Two Persons.
										Total Expense.	
1	Moosehead Lake	One week.	1 2	\$21.00 42.00		\$5.00 10.00	\$9.00	\$4.00 6.00		\$39.00	\$67.00
2	Moosehead Lake & Vicinity	Two weeks.	1 2	21.00 42.00		12.00 24.00	22.50	8.00 12.00		63.50	100.50
3	Up W. Branch Penobscot .	Two weeks	1 2	21.00 42.00	\$5.00 8.00	5.00 10.00	36.00	12.00 18.00	\$4.00	84.00	118.00
4	Down W. Branch Penobscot	Two weeks.	1 2	29.40 50.80	3.00 4.00	5.00 10.00	39.00	12.00 18.00	3.50	91.90	125.30
5	Down St. John River . .	Two weeks.	1 2	46.20 71.90	3.00 4.00	5.00 10.00	42.00	12.00 18.00	4.50	112.70	150.40
6	Caucomgomoc Lake . . .	15 days.	1 2	21.00 42.00	6.00 8.00	4.00 8.00	39.00	12.00 18.00	3.00	85.00	118.00
7	Moose River	2½-3 weeks.	1 2	34.00 59.00		15.00 30.00	25.00	12.00 18.00		86.00	132.00

CONDENSED RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

June 19, 1882.

Bound East.

Bound West.

	9.00 A. M.	12.30 P. M.	7.00 P. M.		1.15 P. M.	4.55 P. M.	10.00 P. M.	6.30 A. M.
	4.16 P. M.	* 8.27 "	3.08 A. M.	BOSTON . . .	† 5.15 A. M.	9.20 A. M.	2.10 "	10.08 P. M.
	5.25 "	. . .	7.25 "	WATERVILLE	7.55 "
	5.30 "	* 9.15 "	. . .	SKOWHEGAN	8.23 "
	Arr. 5.50 "	* 10.15 "	Arr. 5.30 "	NORTH ANSON . .	{	7.45 "	. . .	Leave. 8.00 P. M.
	Leave. 6.45 "	. . .	Leave. 7.10 "	BANGOR . . .	{	7.23 "	. . .	Arr. 7.10 "
	7.42 "	. . .	8.20 "	OLDTOWN	6.40 "	. . .	6.20 "
	11.10 "	BLANCHARD	3.00 "
10.15 "	9.50 "	MATTAWAMKEAG	4.15 "	. . .	4.15 "
1.15 A. M.	12.15 P. M.	VANCEBORO	1.15 "	. . .	2.00 "
.	† Abt. 4.00 "	HOULTON	Abt. 10.00 A. M.
.	" 3.50 "	WOODSTOCK	" 10.10 "
.	" 8.30 "	PRESQUE ISLE	" 6.30 "
.	" 8.30 "	GRAND FALLS	" 6.30 "
.	" 11.00 A. M.	EDMUNDSTON	" 2.00 P. M.

* Runs through to Waterville, North Anson, and Bangor Saturdays only.

† Runs from Waterville Mondays only.

‡ For stations north or east of Vanceboro the *exact* times of arrival and departure of trains have not yet been fixed.

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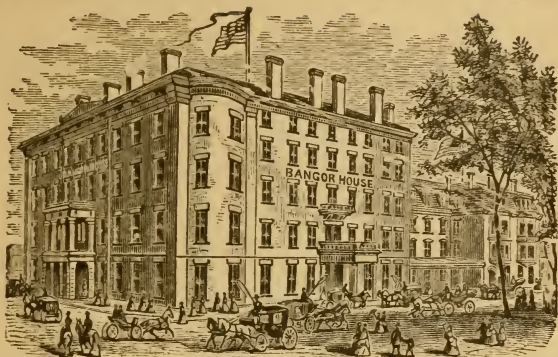
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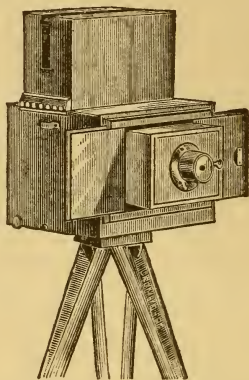
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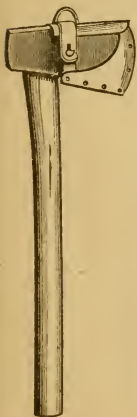
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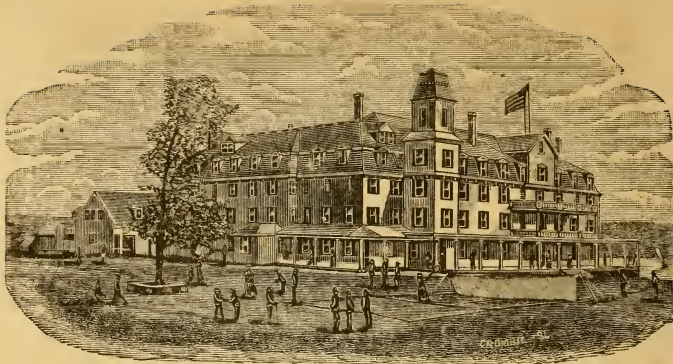
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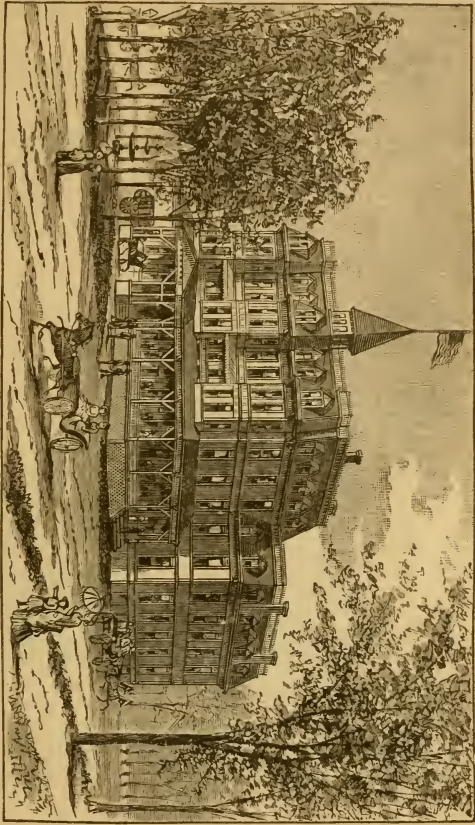
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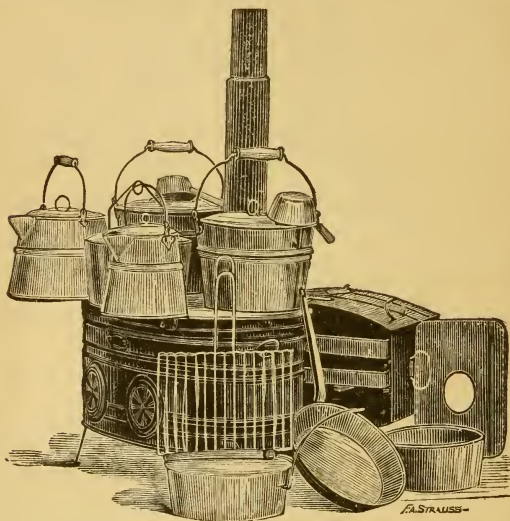
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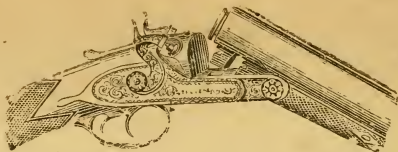
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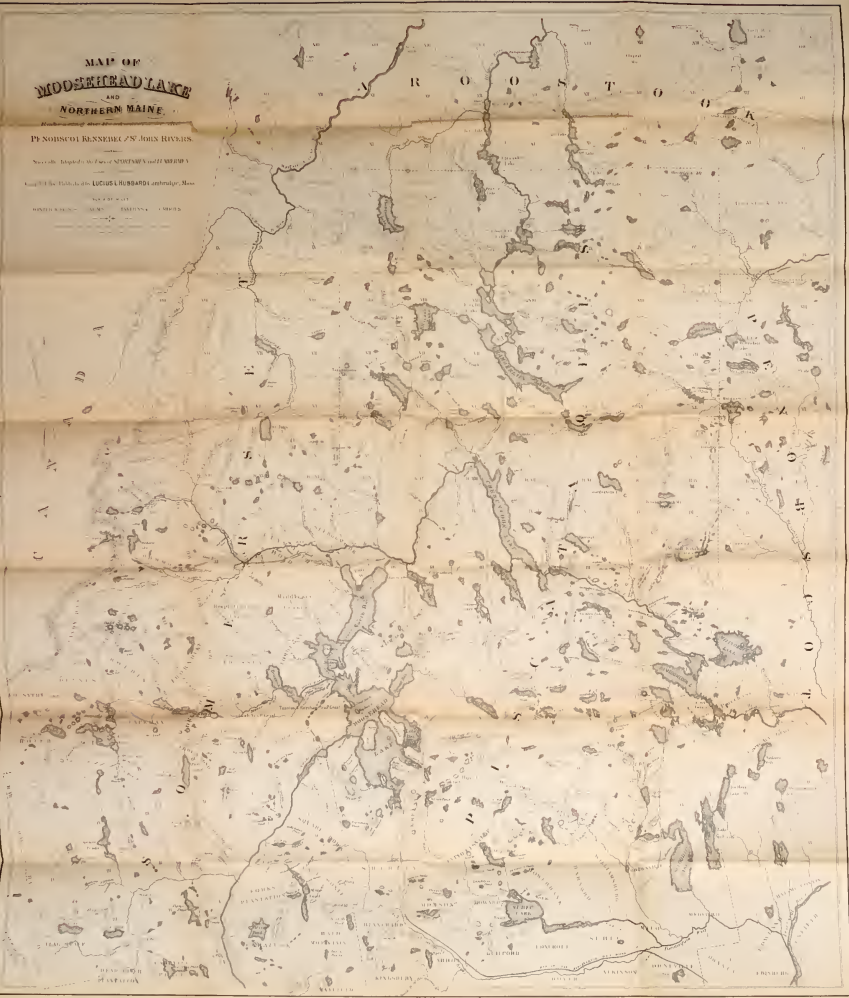
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